

THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



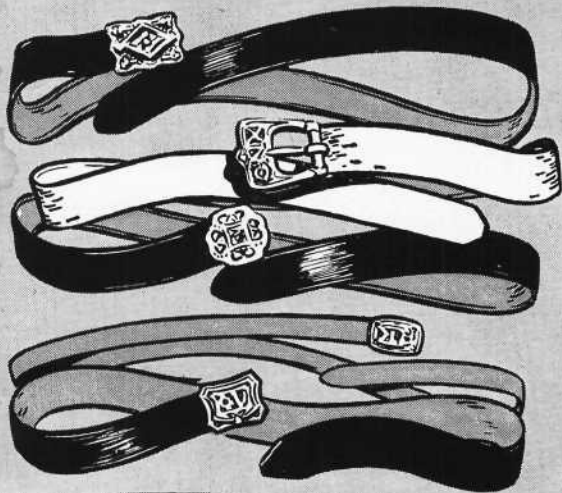
MARCH, 1948

25 CENTS

COLLEGE MEN ARE ROUGH ON FENDERS



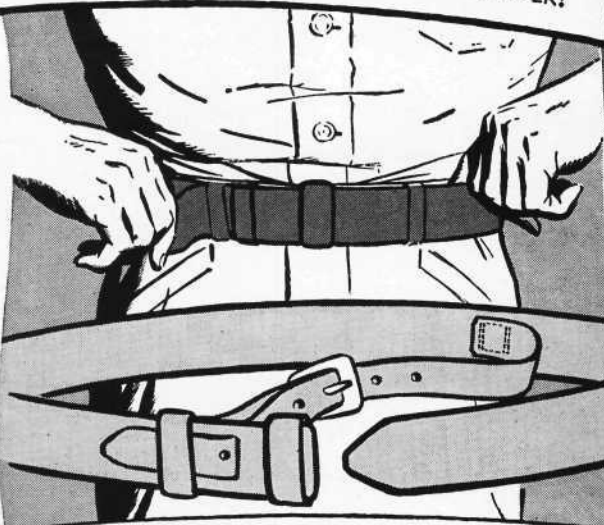
1 DURING VACATIONS A LOT OF COLLEGE MEN GO TO WORK AT SERVICE STATIONS. THEY MAKE GOOD SERVICE STATION MEN AND THE OIL COMPANIES ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO USE THEM, BUT THEY CAN PRESENT A PROBLEM.



2 WHETHER THEY GO TO STANFORD OR U.C.L.A. OR GONZAGA, STUDENTS LIKE TO WEAR BIG, EMBOSSED METAL BUCKLES THAT SHOW THEIR ALMA MATER. AND WHEN THEY LEAN OVER TO CHECK THE OIL—SC-R-R-ITCH GOES THE BUCKLE ON YOUR FENDER!



3 YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THIS WHEN YOU DRIVE INTO A UNION OIL STATION, THOUGH. OUR COLLEGE STUDENTS (AND OUR REGULAR MEN TOO) WEAR THE FAMOUS BELT-WITHOUT-A-BUCKLE THAT IS A TYPICAL FEATURE OF MINUTE MAN SERVICE.



4 AS YOU CAN SEE IN THE DRAWING, THIS BELT HAS NO EXPOSED BUCKLE THAT CAN SCRATCH OR MAR YOUR CAR. EVERY BIT OF METAL IS COMPLETELY COVERED WITH SOFT, THICK LEATHER.

INTRODUCING NEW WRINKLES IN WEARING APPAREL IS TYPICAL OF THE LENGTHS TO WHICH THE MINUTE MEN GO TO MAKE CERTAIN YOUR VISIT WILL BE AS SMOOTH AND AS FAST AS POSSIBLE. SO TRY US OUT NEXT TIME YOU WANT YOUR WINDSHIELD CLEANED OR NEED GASOLINE!



UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

IF IT'S SERVICE YOU WANT
—SEE THE MINUTE MEN!



Desert Calendar

- Feb. 28—March 7—California Mid-Winter fair, Imperial county fair grounds, Imperial, California. Includes gem and mineral show by Imperial Valley Gem and Mineral society and Imperial Valley Lapidary guild.
- Feb. 29—Dons club annual trek into the Superstition mountains, in search of the Lost Dutchman, from Phoenix, Arizona.
- March 5-7—Desert Gem and Mineral show, sponsored by Indio, Blythe and Banning societies, Riverside county fair grounds, Indio, California.
- March 6—All-day field trip to Joshua Tree national monument via Twentynine Palms. Bring lunch. Conducted by Desert Museum, from Palm Springs, California.
- March 6-7—Chandler rodeo and dance, Chandler, Arizona.
- March 7—Dons club Travalcade to San Carlos Indian reservation from Phoenix, Arizona.
- March 10-13—Twelfth Annual Desert Circus, parade, dances and "Desert Insanities," Palm Springs, California.
- March 11-13—Ninth Annual International Desert Cavalcade of Imperial Valley at Calexico, California. Pageant, parades, festivities.
- March 13—Palm Springs Museum, guest lecturer, Randall Henderson showing "Grand Canyon Voyage," color movies taken down the Colorado by boat with Norman Nevills. Eight p. m., Palm Springs, California.
- March 13-14—Silver Dollar derby, Mt. Rose, Nevada.
- March 13-14—Annual University of Arizona intercollegiate rodeo, Tucson, Arizona.
- March 14—Special Sunday field trip to 49 Palms canyon in Joshua Tree national monument. Bring lunch. Three miles trail hiking. Conducted by Desert Museum from Palm Springs, California.
- March 14—Dons Club Travalcade to Miami mines, from Phoenix, Arizona.
- March 19-21—Fourth Annual Imperial Valley Roundup and Rodeo, Imperial county fair grounds, Imperial, California.
- March 20—Field trip to Pushawalla canyon palm oasis, including six miles sandy walking. Bring lunch. Conducted by Desert Museum, from Palm Springs, California.
- March 21—Easter derby, Arizona Snow Bowl, Flagstaff, Arizona.
- March 27-28—Second Annual Red Mountain Roundup and Rodeo, Red Mountain, near Randsburg, California.
- March 28—All-day bird trip, led by William Norman Jupe, to Pinyon flats area, Palms to Pines highway. Bring lunch. Sponsored by Desert Museum, Palm Springs, California.
- March 31-April 3—Annual Desert Caballeros spring ride, Wickenburg, Arizona.
- March—Exhibit of paintings of the Mexican scene by H. Arden Edwards, the museum's staff artist, and display of examples of Mexican craftsmanship, Southwest Museum, Highland Park, Los Angeles, California.



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RANDALL HENDERSON, Editor. BESS STACY, Business Manager.
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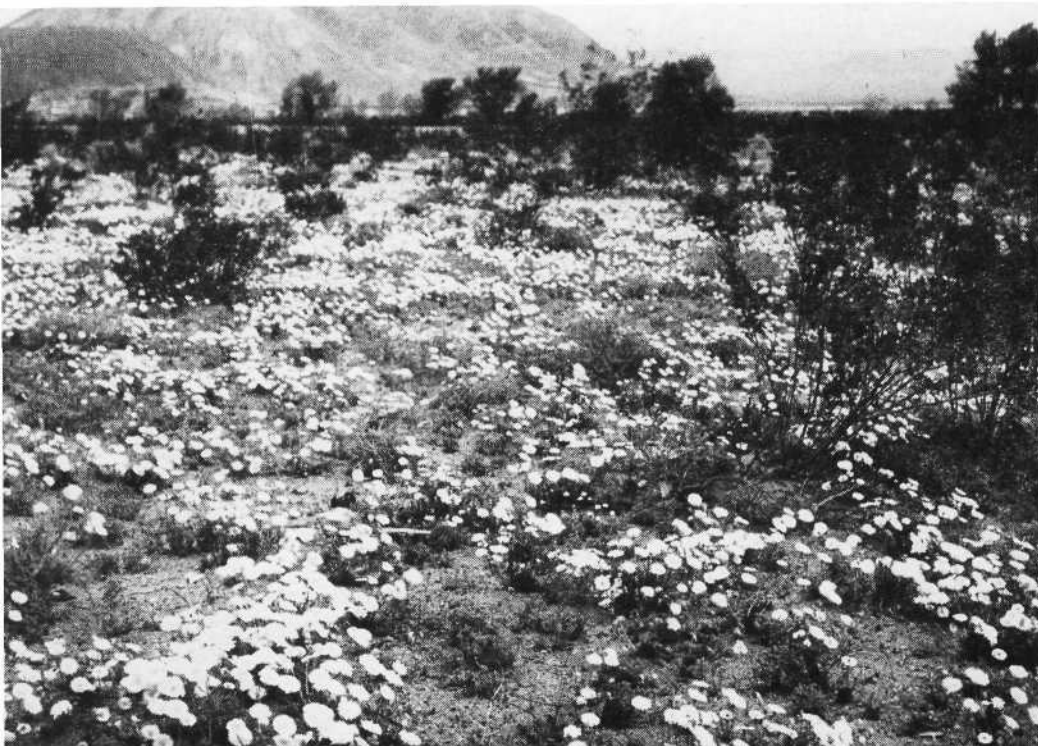
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Photograph by Mary Beal.

DESERT TRUISM

By RUTH D. POWERS
Weldon, California

What we are within our souls,
Is that which we express;
Reflecting from our inner selves,
Of beauty—or ugliness.

If we see only barren wastes,
It's pretty apt to be
Reflections of a barren space
Inside—that others see.

So whatever our environment,
If we see the beauty there;
It will show how we've developed
Our own inner garden fair.

If this truth was taught from childhood,
There would be no more of strife;
For all thought would be directed
Toward the beautiful in life.

IN ARTIST'S CANYON (Death Valley)

By MARCUS Z. LYTLE
Montrose, California

Embittered artist, here is a warming fire,
A friendly urn to hold the precious flame;
Here is the quietude that you require
To heal your spirit, scourged and lame.

On these bright cliffs, the wind of eons past,
Broke like a despot, ranting at the sky;
Each tempest left them grander than the last—
Carved out their halls of lapis lazuli.

DESERT CHILD

By MILDRED CLINGERMAN
Tucson, Arizona

I welcome the rare, sweet rain today
After a hundred days of sun.
I watch the bursting cloud and pray
The furrowed arroyo will run.

For that will mean a wading pool
In this land of little water,
All that priceless cargo to cool
The feet of one desert daughter!

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LEMERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California
A baby tortoise, bless its heart,
Knows not at all of fear;
It slowly plods along its way
Nor senses danger near.

DESERT MYSTERY

By IDA SMITH
Prescott, Arizona

The desert is a mystery;
Its hot and arid land
And thorns, are desolate to those
Who do not understand.

The desert is a bit of heaven,
Borne on an angel's wing,
When cacti blossoms open
In the desert spring.

The desert is a wise sage;
For aeons it has known
That life can be sheer artistry—
From thorns to beauty grown.

PEACEFUL INTERLUDES

By GRACE CULBERTSON
San Diego, California

Go if you must into the solitudes
And lie upon a boulder in the sun,
Where not a jarring, worldly note intrudes,
And only lizards and small creatures run.
Be one with wind and sun and stars and sand,
And fancy you're sequestered and alone;
Forget the pen you hold within your hand,
For what is near to heed but heedless stone?
Yet even here I think a foot has left
A fleeting impress on the shifting dune,
And if you thirst and are of food bereft
A human shadow may be welcomed soon . . .
Such peaceful interludes should play a part
In understanding of the human heart.

THE DAWN

By TANYA SOUTH

Pale is the dawn. The long, black night
is past.
I see more clearly now—and hope is nigh.
There lies my long, steep trail, and
yonder crest
That towers unto the very arch of sky.
I see the way I should have trod. The
Path
Will be more easy now the Light has
come.
And whether life be mine or whether
death,
I shall be adding to my spirit sum.
That is the substance of my high desire,
And it will always every effort fire.

The Desert Blooms

By MURRAY SKINNER
Los Angeles, California

Too many people strove to reach
The rainbow's pot of gold.
They strode across its colored curve—
More than its arch could hold.

It broke beneath the over-weight,
Its colors spread apace,
Scattered in multi-hued delight
Across the desert's face.

And there it lies, a rich brocade
Of flowers (following rain),
The desert dressed like royalty
In sherds of rainbow pain.

KNAVE IN GREY

By NELL MURBARGER
Costa Mesa, California

From the day that a coyote pup is born
And still in his burrow bed,
He's at war with men, for he greets the morn,
With a price on his roguish head.
With caution and cunning he dodges death
And the traps that are laid by day;
For he's wise—full wise—in the ways of men . . .
This knave in the coat of grey.

He slinks along through the desert lands
And scouts through coulees dim,
Where the best laid plans and tricks of men
Are only a game to him.
His kind will howl o'er the last man's bones
And curl up, safe and warm . . .
And that's why at night, when the blizzard
moans,
You can hear him laugh in the storm . . .

DESERT BLOOM

By CLARA EDMUNDS-HEMINGWAY
Chicago, Illinois

The desert is so arid, barren, dry;
Yet lizards thrive, the cactus blooms there,
Though burning sand will send its blinding
glare,
And calculating buzzards circle high.
The sleepy hours but move—too tired to fly.
In sight of purple mountains, yet so bare,
With few redeeming beauties; yet men dare
To live where rainclouds seldom cross the sky.
But, when the floods of rain beat down, the
gloom
All vanishes, and desert places glow
With wonder-waves of colors; deserts smile
And laugh, as gay verbenas burst in bloom.
Through God's wild-flower garden breezes blow,
With rainbow-tinted blossoms, mile on mile.

DOWN THE NIGHT

By JANE KJERNER
Kansas City, Kansas

The face of the desert is white, so white
In the full moon's flood so still,
And here, on her breast, I will lie again
Feeling anew the thrill
Of that leaping flame of strange ecstasy
Only her touch can light.

My tenting shall be the sapphire sky,
Wide, so wide and so deep,
And the Westerning stars that pace the hours
Will lean to me in sleep;
And I shall make one fast to the ship rock's mast
To light dream argosies.

The desert so white, and my tent so blue,
And wide, so wide, and so high
With the voiceless lips of the desert wind
Piercing my lids, I lie
And without alarm, see weird Spanish men
Swarthy, and gay and bold,
Ride out of the past, and do down the night
Seeking Cibola's gold.



Mutton is scarce, since the stock reduction program, and tortilla bread, potatoes and coffee are the principal items in a Navajo family meal.

Report on the Navajo

When newspaper stories told the American people that the Navajo might freeze and starve this winter, they responded with overwhelming generosity, and supplies poured into the reservation. But enthusiasm overrode judgment in some cases. That is why, today, the Navajo are trying to decide if caviar and olives are really intended to be eaten, whether pink silk slippers should be used as window curtains, and how a blanket-draped hogan woman can lug 40 pounds of firewood over a pebble-strewn mesa while wearing slippers with slender two-inch heels. Robert Barnes saw the humorous—and the serious—aspects of Navajo relief, and he learned what The People themselves thought about it all.

By ROBERT A. BARNES
Photographs by MILTON SNOW

OLD Zonnie had lived alone for 30 years, in her tiny hogan perched high on a mesa overlooking the Santa Fe railroad and within horn-blowing distance of much-traveled Highway 66.

Now in her 80th year, she still chopped and carried her own wood and hiked a mile to the trading post every few days for the few odds and ends which the trader charitably saved for her.

I gazed at the walls of her mud-covered hogan as I sat on a low stool which she found for me beneath a heap of miscellaneous articles of clothing and sheepskins. She crouched beside me on the earthen floor, her eyes showing a glint of hope. On the wall over my head a scantily-attired Vargas girl smiled invitingly down on the withered crone who had faced life fearlessly through 30 summers and winters since her husband died.

Through my companion, Arthur Upshaw, once a Navajo scout for the American army, I learned Zonnie had lived comfortably on her sheep and goats after her husband died, leaving her with one daughter. When John Collier's administration introduced the stock reduction program in 1937 the herd still numbered 30 sheep and

40 goats. The stock went, eventually, and the aging, lonely squaw started pawning her silver and turquoise. The jewelry lasted to the present year, when rising prices accompanied by rock bottom Indian jewelry valuations exhausted her remaining pieces.

Zonnie had been living for months on gifts from her neighbors and from the trader, John Adair. Recently Adair had given her a new pair of shoes. The day I talked to him he had a large soup bone laid aside for her. He also kept her in flour and coffee. Without such generosity she would have starved.

In another hogan in the same clearing lived Zonnie's granddaughter, Fannie Sloan. She, too, lived alone, but she bore only half Zonnie's years on her shoulders and was strong and independent. She supported herself by weaving rugs and shared her meager food with Zonnie. She owned 20 sheep and four goats which ran with her brother's flock and were shepherded by his children. Although she shared a great deal with her grandmother, she still wore a few silver buttons on her blue squaw dress.

Near Sanders, Arizona, I visited Navajo Joe and his family. Joe is nearly blind. He works for the railroad near Houck and must walk to his work and back, seven miles each way. With monthly earnings of \$70-\$80, he supports his wife, Ascnilth Guy Joe, their eight children ranging from five years to 21, his mother-in-law and a four-months-old grandchild. The mother-in-law, Yita Nupah, said she was born at Fort Sumner, which the Navajo left in 1868 and that would make her age between 80 and 85 years. She was completely blind and exceedingly frail. A son, Tully Tom, in his twenties, has been paralyzed in the left side for the past three years as a result of illness.

Asonilth Guy Joe owns one horse and 30 sheep. Tully Tom owns one horse and 10 sheep. The railroad money invariably goes to pay back bills for food and essentials at the store where their account often runs as high as \$100.

These people and thousands like them are being helped by the hundreds of trucks bearing food and clothing which recently poured into Gallup, Winslow, Farmington, Holbrook and other towns on the edge of the reservation. The flood of gifts was in response to unprecedented publicity in the nation's press concerning conditions prevailing among the Navajo as the result of the federal government's failure to live up to treaty obligations incurred in 1868. They need and deserve the help which generous Americans contributed in a fine spontaneous gesture of unselfish giving.

When I returned to Gallup I told Navajo Assistance, Inc., about Zonnie. A load of goods was dispatched to that vicinity. Then I phoned Richard Van Meter of the American Red Cross at Window Rock, Arizona, Navajo agency headquarters. He



Many Navajos still are prosperous, like this girl who carries her wealth, in silver and turquoise, about neck and waist. But a majority of The People are pawning their jewelry.

promised to investigate promptly and if possible provide the old woman with a monthly relief check.

It has been a bit amusing to see some of the items sent by truck, plane and train for the relief of the Navajo. Many of the well-meaning groups which conducted drives for food and clothing in distant parts of the country had never seen a Navajo nor been in the Southwest.

Anglo-Americans have been very generous to the Navajo this winter—but the contents of some of the bundles which arrived for distribution to the Indians contained gifts which were quite bewildering to the tribesmen. Many of the well-meaning contributors had not the remotest idea as to the Navajo way of life. Fortunately, the Navajo does have a good sense of humor.

Most common of the incongruities were high-heeled shoes. In the huge piles of

goods I saw hundreds of these creations—splendid on the streets of Los Angeles or Kalamazoo but ridiculous for the rugged mesa country of the Navajo reservation. They ranged from worn out, obviously discarded, bits of leather to spotless new toeless strap affairs which apparently had been purchased by a well-meaning feminine donor especially for the occasion. You can visualize a blanket-draped hogan woman lugging 40 pounds of firewood over a rock-strewn mesa tripping lightly in slender, just-out-of-Broadway high-heeled slippers. Or perhaps toting a couple of buckets of water a mile up hill and down in such foot attire.

There were also heel-less, toeless, almost soleless contraptions. Even if the Navajo women would wear such sandals, the chances are their flattened feet would not tolerate such punishment.

The Navajo do need shoes, but the distribution of the footwear created many headaches for those responsible for passing them out to the Indians. Many were not tied together with the laces, and hours were consumed in the distributing warehouses sorting out the mates. I saw a pair of football shoes, cleats and all. They were snapped up immediately by a young Indian lad attending the only government high school for the Navajo, at Ft. Wingate.

There were hundreds of short dresses which to a Navajo woman are quite immodest, and more intimate items of women's apparel which Navajo women would hold up with critical eyes. A huddle of three or four women would chatter and giggle merrily over dainty bits of feminine finery, finally tossing the objects back onto the pile, forgotten. But some of these items were accepted and perhaps a visit to their hogans in a few months will disclose a pretty silk slip making a fine window curtain. Some of the short dresses given to the relief drive in deference to the "New Look" styles will doubtless end up as underclothing for, while a Navajo woman is very particular as to the length of her skirt, she has no inhibitions against wearing several of them at one time.

I saw articles of food quite foreign to Indian diet. There were cartons of caviar, olives, and oyster juice. One of the more practical items which, nevertheless, has stumped many a Navajo woman, is the new Multi-Purpose food distributed by the Meals for Millions foundation in Los Angeles. This food, while simple to prepare, was new to the Indians, and a pictograph showing its preparation was prepared and given out with the cans of meal.

Officials in the Navajo agency are showing interest in employing Multi-Purpose food to supplement diets in government boarding and day schools to stretch scanty budgets. A two-ounce serving costing three cents provides the approximate nutritive equivalent of a meal of beef, green peas, milk and potatoes. Lack of education makes

introduction of a new food a major undertaking on the reservation.

There was home-canned food among the cargoes, and some of it spoiled. A few jars may have been improperly canned, but others had suffered damage to containers or lids somewhere on the long road from a home in California or Oregon to the final destination at some Navajo hogan.

I saw Navajo women given hats, some austere and wide-brimmed, some gaudily covered with flowers or boasting a brightly-colored feather. What practical use could they have for a woman who never had a hat on her head and never will? Don't ask me. The Navajo have a fine sense of humor. The tradition of their stoicism has long amused traders and others who really know them. An Indian woman might, as a lark, put on one of the tricky little bonnets given her, but she probably would not expose herself to possible ridicule by wearing such an outlandish article in public.

It is difficult to obtain a clear-cut, over-all picture of actual conditions among the Navajo Indians. There are 60,000 people in an area which extends roughly 200 miles east and west and 100 miles north and south. In that wild arid region, inevitably, there are many degrees of poverty or affluence, and many shades of white man's influence and civilization. The flat statement that the only Navajo is a starving one, or that 60,000 Indians are walking barefoot in six inches of snow, would be untrue.

Another facet of the situation is disclosed in the area surrounding Ganado mission in Arizona, where Dr. C. G. Sals-



These Navajo seniors at Wingate vocational high school made their own dresses in home economics classes. Given an opportunity the Navajo, a proud and quiet people, have shown their abilities.

bury has built up a million-dollar Presbyterian establishment, including one of the most modern hospitals in the Southwest. There in one day I saw more beautiful turquoise and silver jewelry worn by the Indians than I had seen in Gallup in weeks.

Old-timers know the best yardstick of an Indian's wealth is the amount of silver he wears, since jewelry represents a capital saving for the Navajo. When money matters start to pinch he will pawn his rings, bracelets and necklaces, piece by piece, with his trader. No one in his right mind would say an Indian is starving or destitute whose breast is blanketed with heavy silver beads or a squash blossom necklace, or whose waist is weighed down by a fine silver concha belt.

Around Ganado I saw thousands of Navajo loaded with lovely jewelry. There were many fine, well-fed horses. I saw fat healthy babies who emphasized the fact that official figures which show 50 per cent of Navajo youngsters die before the age of three, are not gleaned from that vicinity.

Dr. Salsbury, known among the whites as the Sagebrush Surgeon and among the Navajo as Big Doctor, told me he had refused to accept relief supplies in his neighborhood.

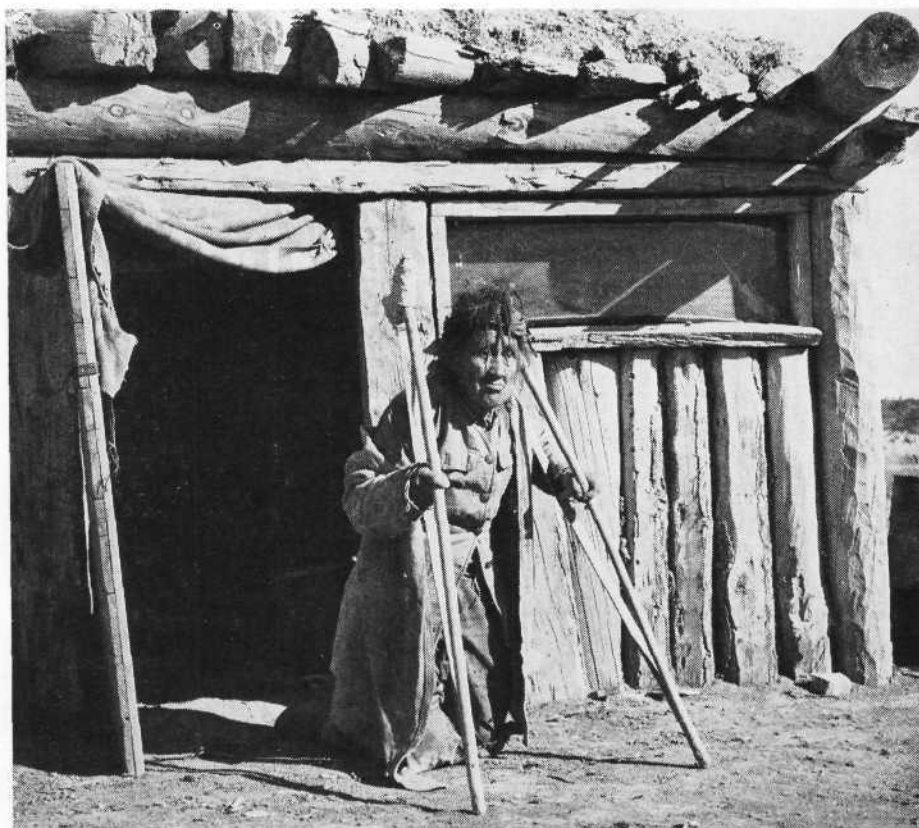
"We have very few persons who need outright charity," he said, "and we can take care of those. Promiscuous giving will do more harm than good, for it will lead the Navajo to expect it every year."

Dr. Salsbury, who many Indian country people feel has done more for the tribe than the Navajo agency, feared emphasis on winter relief would cloud the permanent solution of The People's problems of education and medical facilities.

"Unless the government gives the Navajo good schools, roads and hospitals, and develops resources now lying dormant on

Mrs. Helen Smith, center, is crippled and the daughter, left, is blind. The family must try to survive on a small government relief check.





Blind and crippled, Percy Hayden faces the world without fear. He has lived alone since his mother died, with only occasional help from neighbors who are busy with their own struggle for survival.

the reservation, there will be a Navajo problem for another 100 years," he declared.

What is the reaction of the Indians to all this publicity, much of it melodramatic and unrealistic, in their behalf?

There is a general undercurrent of skepticism. The Navajo retain fresh in their memories the stock reduction program started in John Collier's administration as Indian commissioner. They remember that once many of them were well off, but hard times followed the elimination of their sheep and goats. Art Upshaw is a typical example. He owned 800 sheep in 1936. The government cut his quota to 150 then slashed it to 10. Bitterly he told the district supervisor to sell the entire 150 head and keep the money.

"You are taking away my only way of making a living," he complained. "Now you want to leave me 10 sheep. Hah, what can I do with 10 sheep? Me, who had 800!" Now Upshaw, a spry 65-year old, has no steady income. He peddles herb drugs and medicines of his own concoction among his people and a few white townspeople. He wants no charity. He refused to have anything to do with the supplies which came into Gallup for the Indians. "They took away our stock and made us poor," he said. "Now they want to play big-hearted and make believe they're Santa Claus."

Art was not alone in his firm belief that the government has betrayed the Navajo

by taking away his major economy, stock raising, and offering nothing to replace it. I talked with Zhealy Tso, much-respected vice-chairman of the tribal council.

"My people appreciate what has been done for them," he said, "but we all feel that all this clothing and food, while it was necessary to get us through the winter, will not help us out next winter nor the winters after that. We need schools, so our children can get an education just like a white boy or girl. We want roads so we can send our children to the schools, and we want hospitals and doctors to get rid of all this sickness among us." By sickness he was referring to the unusually high incidence of tuberculosis, syphilis and other diseases.

Clyde Lizer, member of the tribal council, echoed Tso's sentiments. He hoped the American people would not feel they had solved the Navajo situation by showering gifts on them. "We need something to give us a lasting economy," he said. "We don't want charity. We don't like handouts. Many of us could not have lived through the cold weather without the food and clothing people sent to us. But what we need most is education for our children so they can learn to read and write and make a living in the white man's world."

There are many opinions in the Indian country as to the solution of the Navajo problem. Even the traders differ. A dozen missionaries would offer eight or nine emphatic viewpoints. It is little wonder that

Anglo-Americans are not too well informed as to the actual situation and its remedy.

On one thing, however, all agree—traders, missionaries, Indians and enlightened government officials: It is congress' responsibility to finance the Navajo people up to the point where, eventually, there will be no need for government supervision of their activities. Every authority on the Navajo tribe with whom I have talked has emphasized that the present administration of tribal affairs is intolerable. A definite plan for education, medical care and vocational and industrial development is the only way out. Eventual abolition of the reservation as such should be the goal.

When I visited Navajo Joe, I took the names of members of his household from their membership cards in the Navajo Rights association. Engraved across the top of the cards is the answer—for those who can read—to the Navajo problem:

"Justice for One and All."

POVERTY BASIC INDIAN PROBLEM, SECRETARY KRUG DECLARES

The Indian problem is basically a problem of poverty, Interior Secretary J. A. Krug declares in his recently released annual report. More than half the Indian population—44,000 Indian families—derive their livelihood largely from agriculture, including livestock raising, the report states. The average income of the Indian farm family in 1946 was \$918, including value of farm and livestock products consumed at home while the income of non-Indian families, according to agriculture department figures, was \$2541.

Many Indian farms are poorly equipped and Indian homes are inadequately furnished, the report continues, with their average value falling below the homestead exemptions used in computing the property tax in most states. Poverty and undernourishment make the Indians particularly susceptible to tuberculosis and digestive ailments, and the Indian population stands in very serious need of more adequate health service, Krug reports.

The factor which to a large extent has kept Indians from making wider use of their resources has been lack of credit with which to purchase equipment and stock, according to the secretary. A revolving credit fund has been available since 1935, authorized by the Indian Reorganization act of 1934. A total of \$6,600,000 has been appropriated and money repaid has been used to make total loans of \$12,927,290. Indians have proven extraordinarily good credit risks and of the \$5,630,987 which was due and payable in 1947, only \$18,925—less than three-tenths of one per cent—was delinquent. But the credit program has reached too few Indians.

Some real progress is being made, with Indians increasing their beef cattle herds from 171,000 in 1932 to 383,300 in 1946.

Sylvia Winslow paints the pictures and Slim Winslow builds the frames. And together, in their pickup truck, Creampuff, they go far into lonely desert canyons and camp in great sand washes so Sylvia can learn intimately the characteristics of greasewood and palo verde and smoke tree, of mountain and butte. Only when you understand your scene geographically and botanically, Sylvia says, can you put power and truth into desert painting. Here is the story of a young artist who, after only six years of serious work, has acquired the "feel" of the desert landscape.

Artist of the Mojave

By HAROLD O. WEIGHT

SYLVIA and Slim Winslow call their desert-traveling pickup truck "Creampuff," but the name was applied in affectionate fellowship, not derision. The car proved long ago that a sturdy and adventurous heart beat under its smoothly streamlined hood and that firm metallic muscles underlie the creamy yellow enamel. For nearly ten years Creampuff has spun and clashed its way up desert washes and canyons, carrying the Winslows to rock collecting fields and to remote bits of desert beauty which Sylvia sketches in oil and later spreads glowingly over larger canvases.

But Creampuff has had its moments of defeat. One such occurred in a lonely wash in the Mojave's Turtle mountains not long ago. That wash had won Slim's interest when he was told that it could not possibly be navigated by a stock car. Slim was doing well until the wash narrowed and a rash of rocks spread across it. You have to keep going and make split-second decisions on that sort of trail—and sometimes you guess wrong. Seeing possible clear sailing beyond the rocky bar, Slim decided to go ahead. He explained his intentions to the car by increased pressure on the gas pedal. Creampuff was willing, but one of its springs was weak.

Then they were sitting in the wash with a broken spring, far from an acceptable desert road, farther from a paved one, and



Sylvia makes sketches in the field, then returns to the Little Gallery at Bodfish to complete them in oils.

many, many miles from the nearest car doctor.

Sylvia didn't tell Slim that he should have shown better sense, nor did she ask what was going to happen to them now. She grabbed her sketchbox and set up shop in the wash, where she proceeded to sketch the slanting sunlight on the smoke trees, and the shadowed walls of Mopah peak. And if she worried about coming darkness, it was because she was afraid there was not time to catch the light effects she wanted.

And Slim? He was busy digging through assorted duplicate parts and emergency repair materials that he always carries. He located an old spring clamp, tightened it down over the break and was ready to coax Creampuff off the rocks before Sylvia had finished sketching.

Between desert trips, the Winslows live on their Double S ranch in the mountains at Bodfish, California. Bodfish is in the Kern river canyon ten miles south of Kernville on the Walker's Pass-Bakersfield road. When I visited them at the ranch, there was a big landscape in oils called *Desert Cathedral* on the wall of the great living room there. Sylvia had painted it from the sketch made when Creampuff broke its spring. Creampuff showed artistic perception of a high order when it picked this place for a breakdown.

Sylvia Winslow is a comparative newcomer among painters of the desert, but her work is attracting increasing attention among artists. And her paintings have received emphatic approval from those who know the desert. She has been awarded

honorable mention at shows at Los Angeles county museum and Santa Paula, and sold the first painting which she exhibited at the museum show. Her *Lure of the Desert*, bought as a memorial for two flyers, hangs in the N. O. T. S. officers club at Inyokern. Her wildflower painting was given the 1946 cultural award by the Kern County chamber of commerce. She belongs to the Society of Western Artists—formerly known as the Society for Sanity in Art—and has exhibited with them in the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco.

Sylvia was born in Ireland, coming to this country with her mother when she was 18. In the Kern canyon country she met Slim. They have been married ten years and have a talented daughter Susan, eight years old. Sylvia had painted during most of her life, but chiefly for relaxation and amusement. After she saw the desert, the desire to paint became urgent. She thought: Oh, if I only had money to pay some famous artist to paint this scene! And finally she decided that she must try to do it herself.

The artist Harry Smith started her on her serious work about six years ago. He spent three months at the ranch at Bodfish, working in the studio with her. Beyond that, she is self-taught. She likes best to do desert landscapes, usually without figures. Desert painting without human figures is ageless and timeless, she feels. You can step into it and sense the wind and the warmth of the sun. But if someone is in the picture, you feel excluded.

The field of large desert landscapes was



Above—Creampuff, the sturdy little pickup equipped for desert living in which the Winslows travel to isolated canyons and mesas for pictures and rocks.

Below—Slim Winslow and the Double S ranch house which Sylvia and he designed, and built largely with their own hands.

mainly occupied by men when Sylvia started. And she found she had to fight what she feels to be a natural feminine tendency to do work that is delicate in line and detail. Harry Smith kept at her. "Be big—daring in your painting," he insisted. And she thinks she is learning, slowly but surely, to put power into her work.

"You must really understand your scene geographically and botanically," she says, "and you must know the ethics of painting before you can go ahead with strong, powerful strokes. If you are uncertain about anything, it shows in your work—in the very strokes of your brush. You must know intimately the characteristics of greasewood and palo verde and smoke tree before you can suggest them in painting."

Once Joe Mason Reeves, the portrait painter, showed her sheet after sheet filled with drawings of the human skull viewed from every angle. "He could put power

into his portrait painting," Sylvia said, "because his understructure was correct and he knew it was correct."

Sylvia finds her painting is changing and she changes technique with it, using different methods, trying, learning, but always working toward three ideals: Simple—strong—striking. She strives for a successful blend of good composition and the truth.

"Painting is a constant challenge to man's ability to paint what he sees and to manufacture paints that will live up to the beautiful colors of nature. In painting you can go on learning until the end of your days—and only stagnate when you think that you have arrived—that you know it all. I'm never completely satisfied with my work," she went on. "There is always something beyond my grasp and never, never enough time to do all I want to do and try all I want to try."

Most of Sylvia's work is in oil—including the small field sketches. She uses cray-

ons when sunset lights are fading so rapidly that it is the only way of capturing them. In the field she will complete as many as five or six sketches a day. The sketches are taken back to Bodfish and Sylvia makes the big landscapes from them and from notes she takes while sketching.

Sylvia has found an interesting field in the painting of landscapes to order. An officer and his wife who had been stationed in the desert wrote from a greener, moister climate for a painting "that shows far distances, desert mountains with evening colors on them, shadows at sundown, white sand, mesquite, sage and a trace of old road." Most important were the desert mountains and sunset colors to bring back their desert years at Inyokern.

A cattleman in the country back of Randsburg wanted a picture of Pilot Knob as he and his family had seen it so many times just as sunrise colors struck it. Sylvia sketched it from many angles before she found the scene as they remembered it. A pioneer woman of Kernville wanted a painting of a little meadow at the foot of Piute mountain where she had lived as a child. The Winslows reached the spot, using an eroded wagon road that had never known an automobile. When they tried to pull out, the road was so steep that it was necessary to fill the back of Creampuff with rocks to give the rear wheels traction.

The Winslow's Double S ranch, in a canyon above Bodfish, is a fine example of what two talented hard working people can do when they want to build a home. Bodfish, named for an early prospector, George Bodfish, was a mining camp in the gold boom days of the '80's, and nearby Havilah once was Kern county seat.

Originally the Winslows planned to run cattle on their 640 acres. Shortly after they were married, fire burned their mountain cabin and destroyed their possessions. Money being saved for stock had to go into immediate living expenses and construction of shelter before winter closed in.

They decided that if they must build, they were going to put up the kind of home they had been planning. Slim dug and Sylvia collected rocks in an old four-wheel trailer, hauled them in and filled the foundations. They found that the chosen site, which had looked so level, was four feet lower at one end than at the other.

The walls were of adobe, and Slim worked with the crew that built them in ten days. Then the massive roof beams were put in place and Slim and Sylvia took over, completing construction, plumbing and furnishing. Winter found them with only one small room roofed and livable. There were no outer doors, and horses wandered in and out of the living room. But spring came, the cement floor was poured, and building completed.

Sylvia declares that their architect was Us & Company. That is true of almost everything in their charming house. Sylvia



Sylvia, Susan and Slim in a corner of their ranch house at the Double S.

designed the furniture, Slim built it, and Sylvia painted it. They built doors and latches. Tables are of kegs with wagon wheel tops. The woodbin is an old wooden ore bucket. The andirons are made of mine picks and mine rails. A huge mine bellows has been converted into a magazine stand. Door handles are bent mule shoes. Old branding irons make wall decorations. Animal hides are on the floor.

"The living room must be big," Slim insisted when plans were made. "All my life I've felt cramped in little rooms." The living room is big and friendly and Western. The adobe walls are a wonderful grey-brown, the beamed ceiling stained darkly.

"In the city, where you are ruled by money, you couldn't have a room like this unless you were very rich," Sylvia said. "Here in the hills you can expand as greatly as you dare—it's up to you, your ability and your ingenuity. You can have as big a home as you are willing to build—as big a garden as you are willing to work."

The Winslows are just completing the Little Gallery, another building project, this time constructed of concrete blocks. In addition to exhibits of her own work, Sylvia plans shows for other artists in the gallery, and the building houses her studio and living quarters for visiting artists. Sylvia, Slim and Susan are celebrating arrival of electric light and power on the ranch and becoming used to having light whenever you want to snap a switch. Now they will be able to install sawing and polishing equipment for the collection of agate, jasper, wood, nodules and geodes which all three have been collecting.

Slim is an excellent carpenter and, besides running the ranch, he builds all the frames for Sylvia's pictures. Slim, by the way, was an early member of the Screen Actor's Guild. Many Western pictures are filmed at Kernville, and before his back was injured in a fall, Slim rode in them.

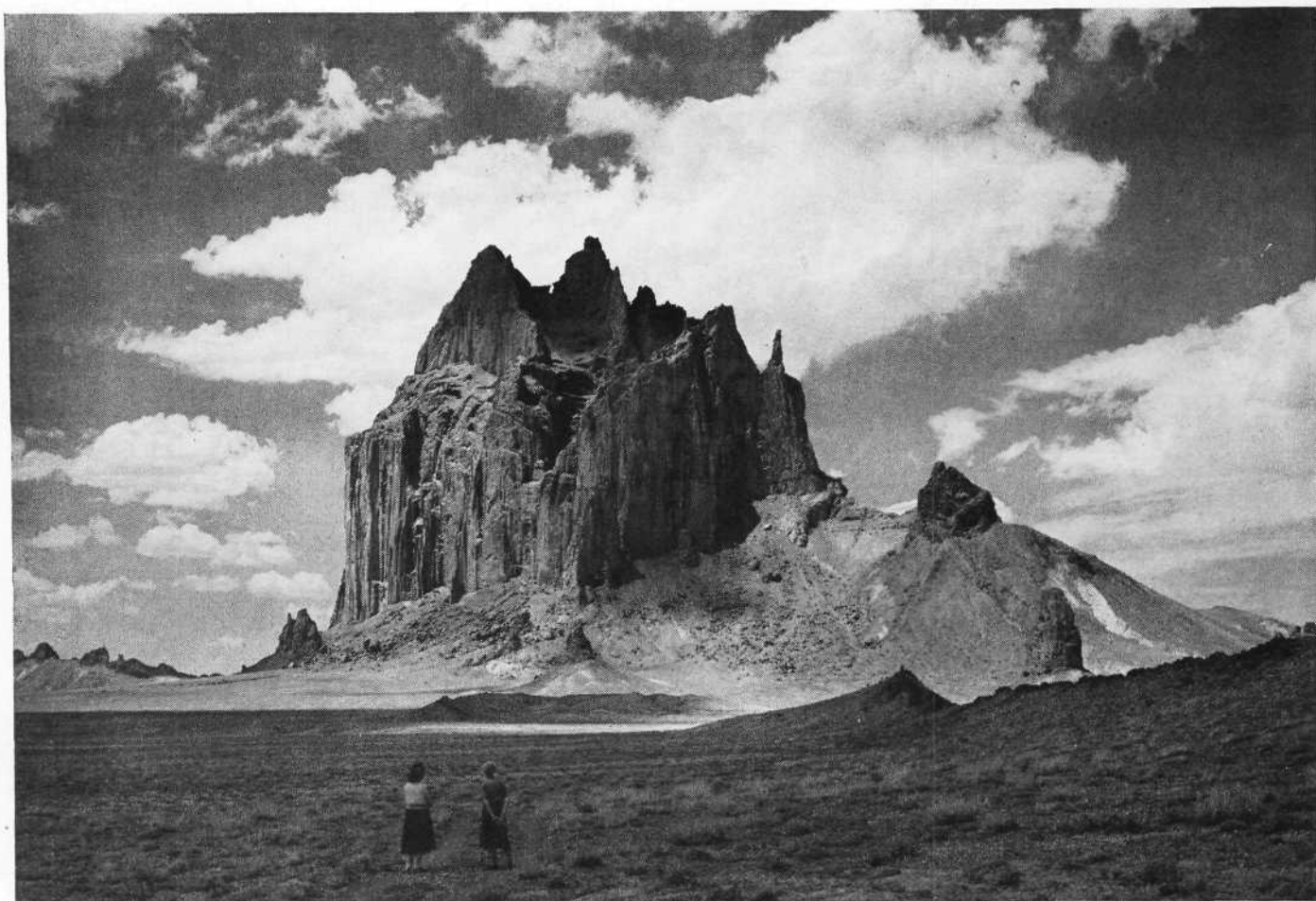
Sylvia, besides painting, has lectured widely, and is conducting an art class two days a week for aspiring artists of the area.

One of her pupils is a woman of 70. "She always felt she should be a painter," Sylvia explained. "This was her first chance to find out." But Sylvia's favorite student is a woman who stays several weeks, doing the cooking and housework in exchange for instruction.

People tell Sylvia that she should move to a city where there would be a better chance to display her paintings and make contact with possible buyers. But she is certain that people who love painting will come to Bodfish. In and around her Little Gallery she plans to create a bit of the desert—cacti, rocks, shrubs—so the desert landscapes will be shown in the right atmosphere.

She feels it was the desert which really taught her to paint—that it would not be well to go too far away from the country she loves.

"All that you need to know is there if you can observe and understand it," she says. "And the more you go out into it, the more you understand it."



Shiprock mountain, in the heart of Navajo land. Dr. Nininger calculates that sizable fragments of the October 30, 1947, meteorite lie between the mountain and a point five or six miles north of Red Rock trading post.

On the Trail of a Meteorite

By DR. H. H. NININGER

SCARCELY had the doors of American Meteorite museum been opened on October 31, 1947, when Jack and Alberta Dale of Wichita, Kansas, rushed in. They had visited our museum, which lies opposite Meteor crater on Highway 66, two weeks earlier on their way west.

"Did you see the big meteor last night?" Alberta demanded. She consulted her notes: "It was just 5:30. Wasn't dark yet."

"It just came floating down slowly," Jack interrupted. "Not fast like a shooting star. It was *big*! Lighted up the whole sky."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Let's get this straight. Where were you and what is this all about? Sounds like we have something here." Getting my notebook, I asked Don to take care of the cash register while I got the story. Another couple walked in and listened while waiting for their change.

"Are you talking about the big meteor

last night?" they queried. "We saw it just after sundown. We were between Grants and Gallup and it was on our right and

Late last fall a large meteor flared across northern Arizona skies and vanished over Lukachukai mountains. A few hours later tourists who had seen the fall were reporting the circumstances to H. H. Nininger at American Meteorite museum near Meteor crater. Within 48 hours, Dr. Nininger plotted the course the meteor followed and the probable area where meteorite fragments landed. No pieces of the meteorite have been recovered yet—but the search continues, and Dr. Nininger has invited Desert readers to join the hunt if they wish. Here are some tips from an expert on how to recognize a meteorite.

ahead. Looked only a half mile away. Where were you folks?"

"There must have been two," answered Jack. "The one we saw was at least a hundred miles west of here, because we were just this side of Kingman and it wasn't far away."

"Let me decide where it was," I joked. "Now one at a time. Let's get these facts down in the book."

So began the survey by which we tracked the great celestial visitor across northern Arizona and determined its probable landing spot in the Navajo country. The Dales had been 185 miles west of us driving east and the Jones had been about the same distance east of us driving west. Both had seen the same dazzling fireball descending ahead of them and to the north of their course on U. S. Highway 66.

All day museum visitors reported having seen the phenomenon. A bulletin was posted and notes were made of locations from which the meteor had been viewed and information as to appearance, direction, course, color, etc. These reports gave

us useful general knowledge but naturally none of the witnesses had thought the matter of sufficient import to stop and take accurate bearings.

We needed a definite line or two on which to work. Early in the afternoon I drove to Winslow and Holbrook making inquiries. It did not take long. "Shorty," who serviced my car, had seen it from a mile north of town and began telling me about it. I asked his boss to let him go with me out to the spot from which he had seen it. There we took a compass bearing on the point where the fireball vanished.

Back in town I interviewed two carpenters, E. E. Shutte and his son Milford, who had seen the fall while working on the framework of a new church. Climbing with them to the part of the frame where they had stood, I took bearings again. And on the ground a gardener pointed out from where he had stood the spot where the meteor vanished.

Next day, Mrs. Nininger and I drove to Gallup where the editor, Mr. Huff, introduced us to two witnesses, the Ganzerla brothers, who gave us positive proof that it had disappeared north and slightly west from there. We then drove north on Highway 666, into the reservation. Here, the young Navajo who had seen the fireball, gave us the best of cooperation all along the way.

We continued to Shiprock and Farmington before finally passing to the north of the meteor's vanishing point. From these two villages witnesses had looked slightly south of due west and had seen a fireball or smoke trail bearing slightly to the south at its lower end. Some had seen red sparks descend "slowly" from the point where the fireball vanished.

We spent the night in Shiprock and the next day drove into the Navajo country to the west of Shiprock mountain. We had completed our sketch map the evening before and were out to contact Indian traders, through whom we could reach the Navajo who dwell in or traverse the territory where our calculations indicated the meteorite fragments landed.

In this, as in all other such surveys, we found nearly everyone mis-informed as to what to look for. Writers generally have done an abominable job of informing people. Almost everyone thinks of meteorites in terms of nickel-iron. Yet 95 per cent of all falls are stony. Of course we can never know until we see a specimen what its appearance will be. But the best bet is to look for grey, granular stone, covered with a black fusion crust. These typical stony meteorites are not too firm. Falling on rock they would crush or shatter badly. On the other hand, some stony meteorites are black both inside and out and a few are almost white.

The second big meteorite-hunting mistake is to look for a crater. The general writer seems to feel that no story of meteorites is worthy of reading unless it bears

heavily on the great meteorite crater in Arizona. Now the man who goes out looking for a crater in a case of this kind is practically certain to fail because not one fall in a thousand is of the kind and size that forms craters. In this instance everything points to a very complete breaking up of the mass and a scatterment of fragments over a strip 20 to 30 miles in length. This strip extends from a point between Shiprock mountain and Red Rock trading post and extends west northwest along the meteor's course past Rock Point.

It should be remembered that the disintegrating meteorite was from 15 to 25 miles high over this territory and air currents might drift the falling fragments a few miles off the determined course. It also must be acknowledged that these surveys are never exact. Allowance of three or four miles' variation from the indicated course must be made. Only an amateur would attempt to pin the area down to a strip less than five or six miles wide.

Fortunately, experience shows that the sprinkled area is generally two to six miles wide, and this helps considerably in the search.

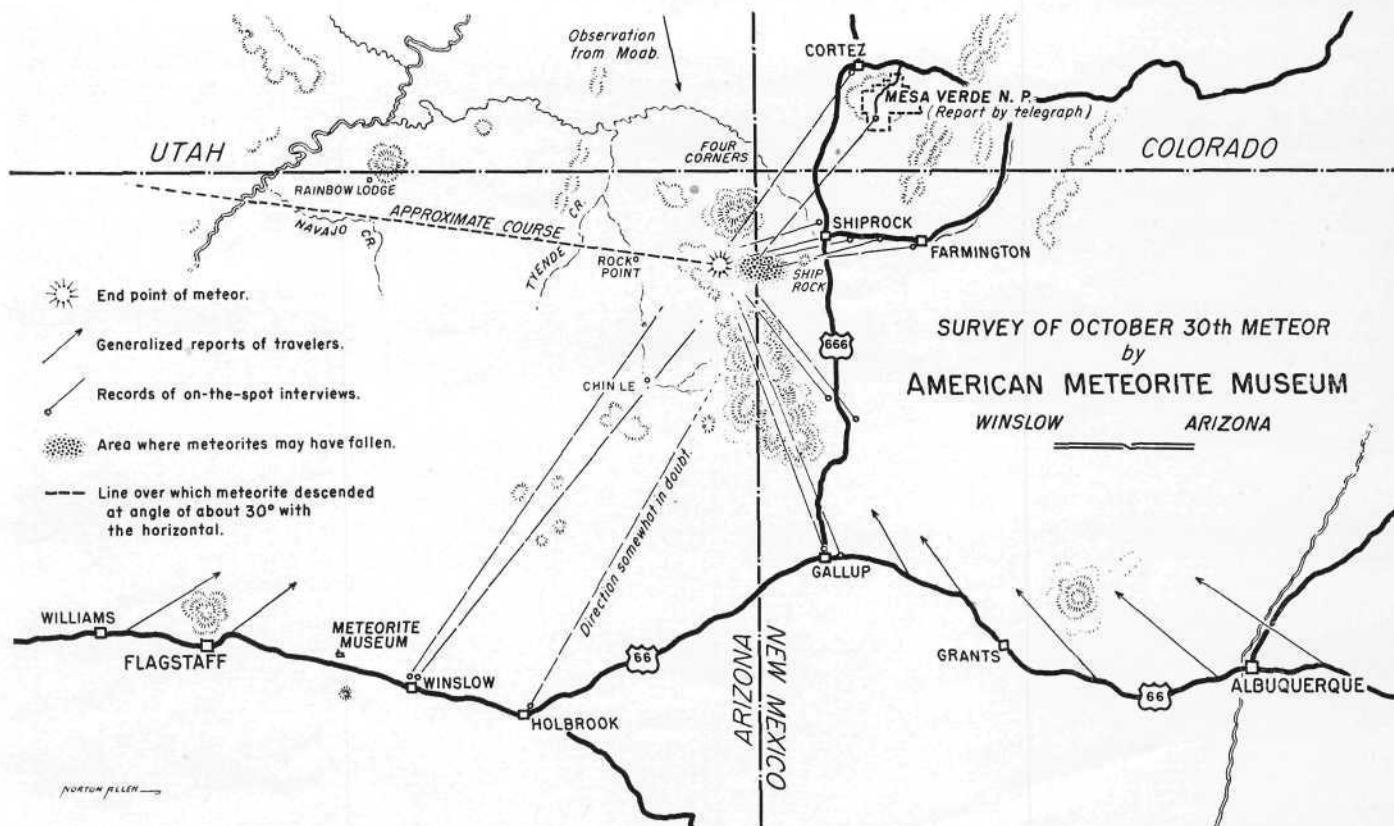
Should any reader wish to try to find a fragment of this fall, he will find the country between Red Rock and Shiprock mountain favorable for a search, especially toward Shiprock mountain. To the northwest of Red Rock lies a forbidding range of mountains. The writer has not been beyond these mountains toward Rock Point, but on the map it appears to be open country.

The Navajo will not be of help except to those with whom they are well acquainted. Our museum is looking to the Indian traders and missionaries to promote the meteorite search among the Indians and will endeavor to remunerate them through these agencies for anything recovered.

Any collector making a search should keep in mind that meteorites have fallen

Dr. H. H. Nininger, curator of the American Meteorite museum on Highway 66 near Meteor crater, examines a meteorite from the crater fall.





through all geologic time and it is safe to assume this is not the first time that particular region has been sprinkled by celestial stones. The desert is kind to meteorites and they survive a long time after landing. Look for weather-stained or even fractured and crumbling masses.

Remember, our museum will test, without charge, any sample sent or brought to us. Do not hesitate because you fear making a mistake. Recently a geologist spent a few days with us and went back to his field survey. Within a few weeks he mailed in a

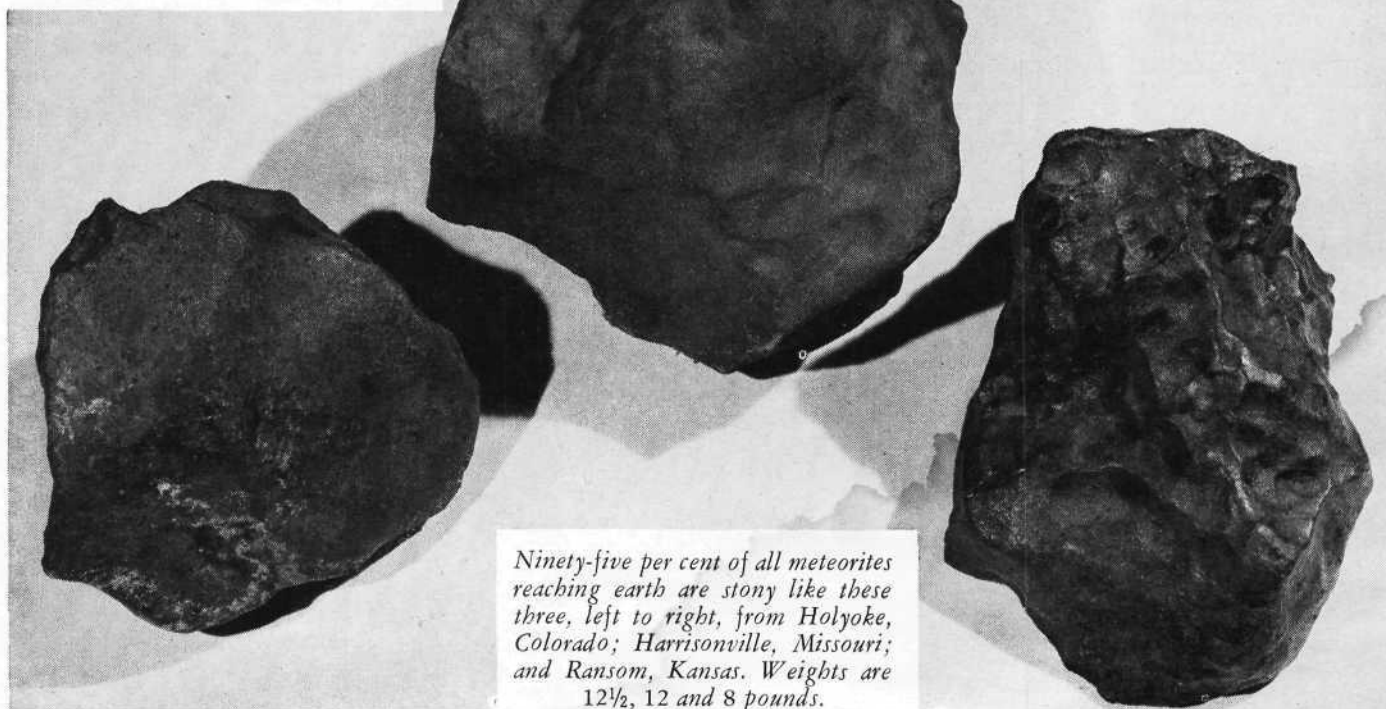
sample which proved to be a genuine meteorite. He now wonders how many he passed up during his 25 years of work in oil fields before meeting us.

Another tip to those who search for this recent arrival. Go fully equipped to take care of yourself. Trading posts are few and

far between, and Shiprock is the nearest source of supplies. Roads are rough. Water, food and sleeping bags or bed rolls should be carried.

In the event any fragments are recovered please bring or send them to us for examination even though you do not wish to part with them. We shall be glad to advise you regarding their proper identity, and we need to inspect and catalogue them to complete our records.

Now for a general picture of what hap-



Ninety-five per cent of all meteorites reaching earth are stony like these three, left to right, from Holyoke, Colorado; Harrisonville, Missouri; and Ransom, Kansas. Weights are 12½, 12 and 8 pounds.

pened October 30, 1947, at 5:50 p. m., mountain time.

The meteorite seems to have been first sighted at an altitude approximately 70 to 80 miles above a point slightly southwest of Rainbow Lodge, between Navajo canyon and the Utah-Arizona line. It descended at an angle of approximately 30 degrees with the horizontal. A dust trail began forming about midway in its course and the fireball vanished at an elevation about 17 miles above the Lukachukai mountains, called Los Gigantes buttes on some maps, west of Red Rock trading post, which is west southwest from Shiprock mountain. Sparks seen at distances of 100 miles were thrown off during the last half of the visible course, and three or four red, but not bright, sparks settled toward the earth from the point where the fireball vanished. These were visible from about 50 miles. They probably represented sizable fragments which should lie between Shiprock mountain and a point five or six miles north of Red Rock trading post.

We have been pleasantly surprised at the efficient manner in which our Meteorite museum functions in the prompt assembling of information on such events. In this instance we accomplished in 48 hours what usually requires a week to complete. The reason is simple. People travel at all hours. Those who stop at a meteorite museum naturally are more interested in such matters than is the average tourist. They also know we are most eager to receive reports of a brilliant fireball. Because visitors constantly are entering and leaving the museum, a bulletin posted conspicuously attracts their attention and reports come naturally.

The most important item in the making of a survey for recovery of recent arrivals on our planet is promptness. If we receive word immediately, or within a few hours, success is far more likely. Therefore we urge readers to notify us by wire at once in cases where large spectacular fireballs are witnessed.

Here the question arises: What constitutes a meteor or fireball worthwhile reporting? This is difficult to answer. To an observer at a distance of 300 miles, a meteor may appear but slightly out of the ordinary. If seen from 100 miles the same meteor would appear about 10 times as large and many times brighter. The fact that meteorites sufficiently large to reach the soil cease burning while several miles high, except in those rare cases of excessively large, crater-forming masses, is important here because, (a) it may be so many miles away that it merely disappeared below the horizon while yet several miles high. Such a meteor should be reported because in areas 200 miles nearer it may be very evident a fall has taken place. (b) If, on the other hand, a meteor appears one-fourth the diameter of a full moon or larger, and vanishes while yet



This nickle-iron meteorite, found at Meteor crater, weighs 230 pounds.

well above the horizon, the observer is almost certainly witnessing the arrival of a meteorite that reaches the soil somewhere within 200 miles of him. The mistake is often made of thinking that in such a case the meteorite burned out because the fireball failed to continue to the ground. But such is the normal behavior of meteorites which arrive on the earth.

For California readers any meteor in an easterly direction which fits either of the above descriptions, if reported to us immediately, may lead to a fruitful investigation. For readers in the plains states, any similar occurrence in a westerly direction deserves to be reported. Readers will be kept informed of any interesting results by letter, through the pages of *Desert Magazine*, or the columns of the daily newspapers.

The Southwestern desert has failed to yield many meteorites, aside from those around the great meteorite crater. Very few stony meteorites have been found anywhere in this vast expanse. But in 1933 the great Pasamonte fireball led us into northeastern New Mexico where no meteorites had ever been found. The search, which continued almost a year before the new arrival was located, resulted in the discovery of six separate older falls in a territory about 40 miles wide.

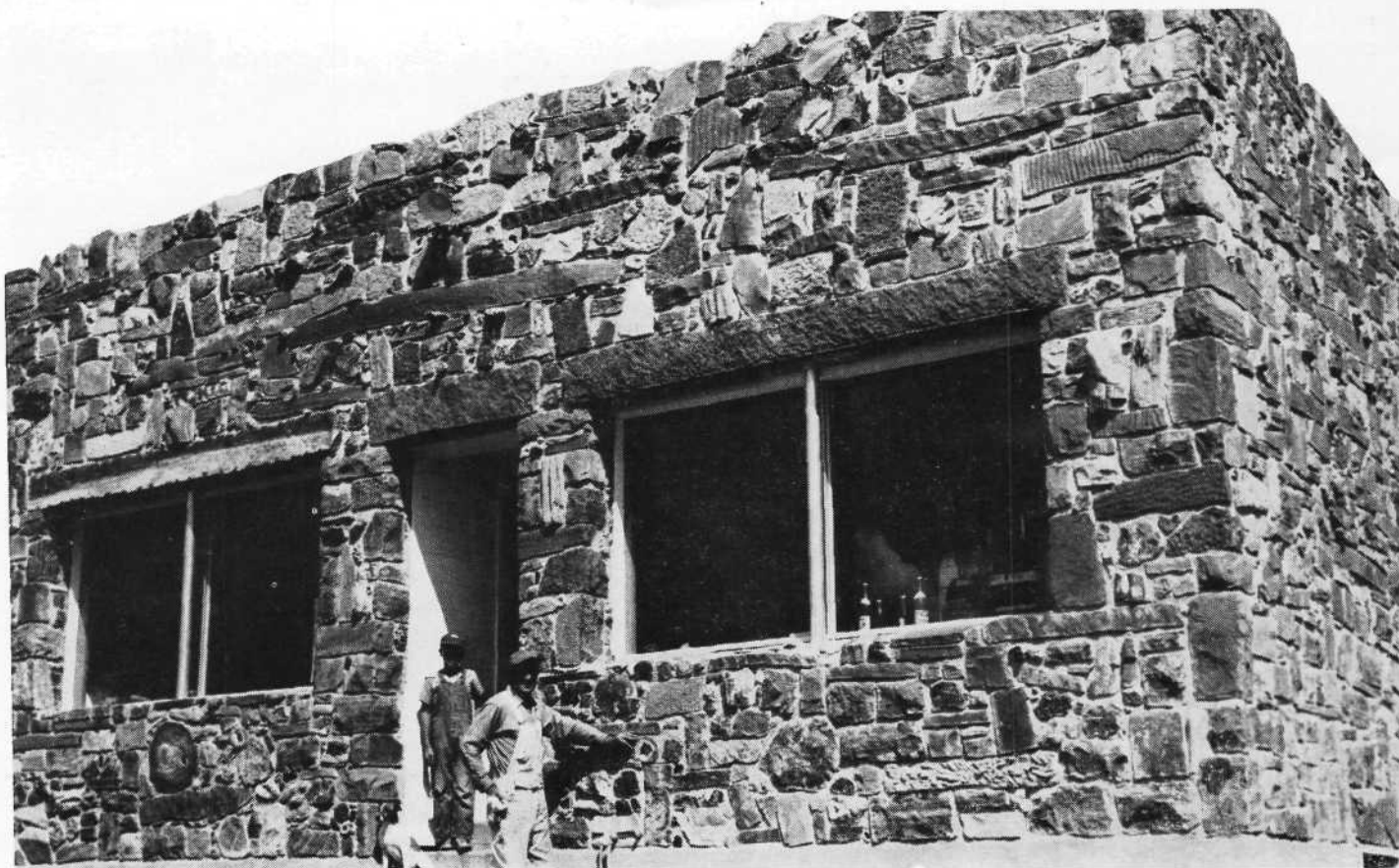
We invite cooperation and predict that the grand old desert will be placed on the map, meteoritically.

NEW COMMUNITY TO REPLACE GHOST TOWN

A new village soon will be rising almost on the site of the old ghost town of Ehrenberg in Arizona, across the Colorado river from Blythe, California. The new town, like the old, will depend upon transportation for its existence—but there is a difference. Old Ehrenberg was a brawling river port, unloading point for steamers which brought supplies up the Colorado river for the mines and camps of Arizona territory. The new town will be a maintenance and metering station for the Big Inch line of the El Paso Natural Gas company, which brings gas from the Texas fields to Southern California.

Besides the metering station, which is the point where the company measures and delivers the gas to California gas companies, there will be a maintenance and repair shop and at least four residences for families of key personnel. Patrol trucks will cover the entire pipeline between Ehrenberg and Gillespie dam, 125 miles southeast near Buckeye, Arizona. The trucks will be in communication with Ehrenberg through a radio transmitter at the metering station. The metering station is at the point where the gas pipeline crosses the river on a web-like suspension bridge.

W. G. D. McElrath, superintendent of the Ehrenberg district, said that at least 11 employees would be stationed at the village and that the areas would be landscaped and improved.



The "House of Rocks" in Fremont, Utah, contains over 400 tons of rock specimens gathered over a period of 15 years. The owner and his son Mablon are shown in the picture.

Utah's House of Stone

By CHARLES KELLY

ARE YOU one of those persons who on a motor trip into the desert or mountains cannot resist the temptation to pick up pretty rocks? And after your back yard is cluttered up with the loot, have you ever heard the neighbor lean over the fence and ask: "What on earth are you going to do with all that junk?"

Nearly every rock collector has had that experience, and perhaps has found it hard to give an adequate answer to the practical-minded neighbor.

J. Worthen Jackson, who operates a country store in the little town of Fremont, Wayne county, Utah, has been asked that same question hundreds of times. For 15 years he has been scouring the state in a small truck, returning from each trip loaded with rocks, large and small, colorful, curious or unusual. For years his back yard, front yard, garage, driveway and even his store has been heaped with miscellaneous material, none of which appeared to have any use except to throw at the dogs. He

J. Worthen Jackson is one of those pack rats who always comes home with his car loaded with pretty rocks. The back yard and house became so cluttered with them he either had to move or get rid of them. In this story, Charles Kelly tells us how he solved the problem.

was naturally a pack rat and probably couldn't have given any good reason for bringing them in. But gradually an idea grew in the back of his mind and during the last few years his collecting had a definite purpose.

"Worthen's Merc.," as he calls his place of business, was a small one-room store built in pioneer times of black lava rock quarried in nearby hills. Its walls were cracked and about ready to collapse. His expanding business required a larger, more modern building. Why not build the new one of rock, using the specimens he had

collected, and make its walls a museum of Utah materials?

While business was slack last winter he dug a basement on the new site and erected a timber framework. In the spring two stone masons were employed to lay the walls as a veneer over the lumber. Black lava rocks in the old building were interspersed with red sandstone from Moenkopi beds near Capitol Reef national monument. Between the black and red were carefully fitted the thousands of specimens he had collected. The finished result is a work of art, a beautiful display of Utah stones and the most unusual store building in the state.

Included in the walls are 70 varieties of rock including many fine sections of petrified logs, dinosaur bone, gastroliths, geodes, five kinds of obsidian including snowflake, jasper, agate, variscite, jet, fossils and Indian metates. Some specimens are cut and polished, lending sparkle to the walls. Many sandstone slabs are beautifully ripple-marked, while others contain prehistoric lizard tracks.

Besides local material Worthen has included stones from 31 different states and

several foreign countries, including desert roses from Oklahoma, plume and moss agate from Montana, petrified wood from eight different states, New Zealand jade, Palestine calcite and Mexican tourmaline. Several have historical interest, such as a rock from Lookout mountain, granite from Stone mountain, and a mineral specimen from Cass Hite's original gold claim on the Colorado river.

While Worthen had a lot of fun scouring the desert in search of his rocks, he derives even more pleasure from the display of his treasures, permanently incorporated in the walls of his unique store building. He calls his place the "House of Rocks" and many visitors drive out of their way to the little town of Fremont to admire his collection. Customers, however, may have difficulty making purchases, since the proprietor spends more time outside, pointing out specimens, than inside behind the counter!

In any case, Worthen Jackson has definitely found an answer to the oft repeated question, "What are you going to do with all that junk?"

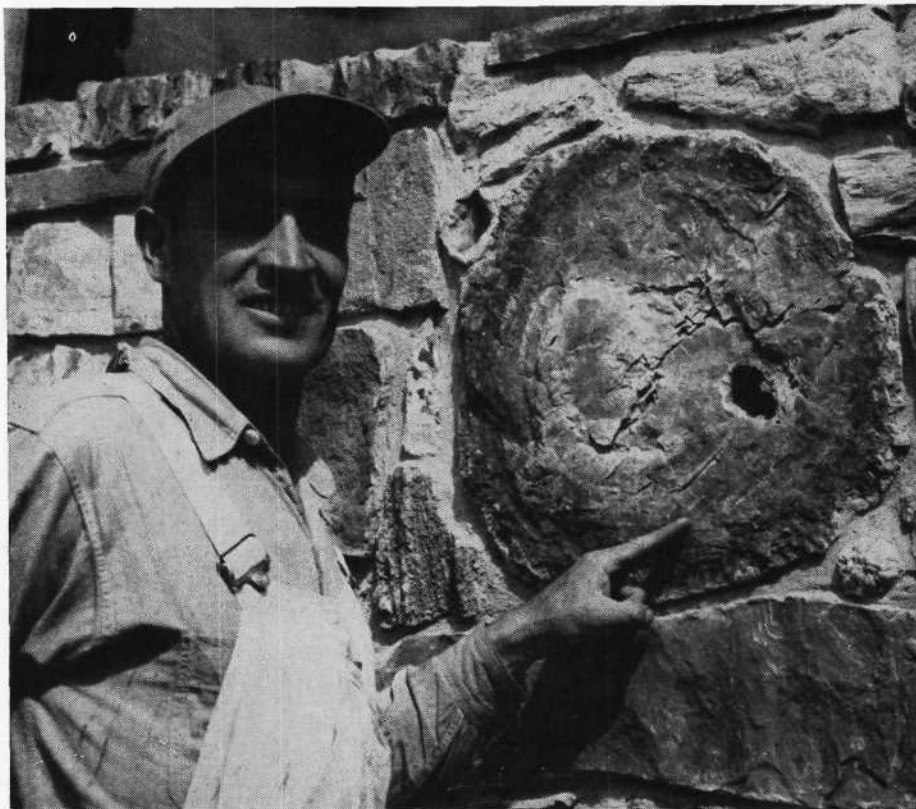
ANTHROPOLOGY STUDENT FINDS SERI INDIANS FRIENDLY

The Seri Indians who live on Tiburon island and the nearby coast of the Gulf of California are neither treacherous nor dangerous, according to William Smith, University of Arizona anthropology student, who is back in Tucson after spending five months with the tribe. "The Seris are not wild or savage," Smith explained, "merely conservative. They know civilization but don't like it."

Smith has made four trips to the Seri. He was deposited on practically waterless Tiburon island by a Mexican fishing boat and spent six days alone before finding the roving Seris. Three families with 18 members continue to live on the island. They were surprised to see Smith, but friendly. The university student lived largely on foods the Indians used—fish and sea turtles, land tortoises, wild figs, native roots, berries, a few lizards and an occasional tortilla. He found that the Seris on the island moved constantly in search of food and often hauled water eight miles from tinajas to camp.

Total population of the tribe had dropped from 3000 to 223, Smith found, but he believes that only an epidemic would kill them off completely. Infant mortality is more than 50 per cent, but he found no evidence to back reports the tribe was committing race suicide by killing new born infants.

When Smith prepared to return to the mainland in a rubber raft he had brought, the Seris hauled 10 gallons of water 15 miles for his use and advised him of the safest place to cross the channel. It took him four days to reach the mainland—three days along the island coast and then eight miles of rowing across the gulf.



Worthen Jackson points to one of the colorful specimens of petrified wood contained in his wall of many minerals.

Preliminary Wildflower Report . . .

Unless there are generous late spring rains, mass wildflower displays on California, Arizona and southern Nevada deserts are unlikely this year. Eva Wilson, surveying the Imperial Valley areas summed up: "Wildflower local is on strike for higher temperatures and more moisture." She found many lupines just showing, however, and some encelia in bud. In the Borrego-Vallecitos sections, Mrs. Myrtle Botts of Julian believes that rain will bring good showings of desert primrose, verbena, broom, indigo bush, ocotillo, mescal and cacti, but it must come soon or there will be no desert lilies.

Cresosote bush, palo verde, ironwood and smoke trees should show fine bloom in the Twentynine Palms area, Mrs. Sarah M. Schenck reports. Desert evening primrose promises good bloom, and almost all the later flowering shrubs should do well. At Lancaster, Mrs. Jane S. Pinheiro finds only poppies and lupine pushing through, and they show no great promise. George Palmer Putnam of Stovepipe Wells hotel expects really fine flowering on the hills adjacent to Death Valley at altitudes above 3000 feet, due to unusually heavy snow fall, with the best blooming from late March on.

All Arizona sources report the drouth affecting flowering schedules. Annuals

are starting to come through at Organ Pipe Cactus national monument and poppies and owl's clover should be blooming late in February. William R. Supernauth, custodian, expects cactus flowers to be plentiful, starting with the hedgehog variety in April. At Saguaro national monument ocotillo blooms heavily, normally, after March 1, and mallow, encelia, mustard and hedgehog cactus flower the same month, according to Don W. Egermayer, custodian. Last year drouth delayed all bloomings, and the same may be expected for 1948. Ordinarily, poppies can be expected at Tumacacori late in March, followed by the cacti blooms, Earl Jackson, custodian declares. Casa Grande conditions are about the same as last year, according to A. T. Bicknell, custodian. Poppy, brittle bush, ocotillo, gold-fields, evening primrose and fiddleneck are among the normal March blossoms there.

In Nevada, cold weather may hold back the flowers in Lake Mead recreational area, Gordon C. Baldwin, park naturalist, believes. First flowers out in the area are those along the Colorado river below Hoover dam. Dora Tucker of Las Vegas finds that poppy, primrose, verbena, sego, encelia, blazing star and wild buckwheat are fairly plentiful, but only rains can bring mass displays.



As usual, the old-timers disagree as to the location of the Lost Pegleg mine. Eddie Duval (front left) thinks it is off to the south. Harry Oliver (black hat) favors the San Ysidro mountains. A. A. (Doc) Beatty (pipe and goatee) is sure it is over in the Borrego badlands. John Hilton suggests they head for the Santa Rosas. The burros just don't give a darn. They'll go anywhere. Photo by Johnny Johnson.

First Trek of the Pegleg Gold Hunters . . .

Borrego Valley, California, January 2, 1948

H. E. W. Wilson, Willitts, California

Dear Hank:

I know you'll be waitin' to hear how we came out in the big gold huntin' party we had down here in Borrego New Year's day. We were sorry you couldn't join us. I reckon you was snowed in up there in the mountains, or you'd a been here. You've probably done more huntin' fer ol' Pegleg's mine than all the rest of the prospectors put together. Well, I'll tell you about it.

Ray Hetherington got the idea that since no one'd ever found Pegleg's lost hill covered with black gold nuggets, maybe we should round up all the old-timers and do a real thorough job o' searchin' for it.

He decided New Year's day, bein' a holiday, would be a proper time to round up the old pick an' pan fraternity. So he told Harry Oliver, who used to be a homesteader over in the Borrego country, to pass the word around to the boys.

Well, you know Harry. He's the feller that cached all them wooden peglegs in the hills around Borrego 20 years ago, and nearly started a stampede when the prospectors began "discoverin'" 'em.

The huntin' party was a big success—except fer one thing. They didn't find Pegleg's gold. It's still over there in the badlands jus' where you told me it oughta be 15 years ago. But they did a lot o' lookin' fer it—over 200 of 'em.

Harry'd gone out to the old homestead in advance an' started

a monument fer Pegleg. He drew a circle on the ground an' then put up a sign which read, "Let him who seeks Pegleg Smith's gold add ten rocks to this monument." An' there was another sign said, "The bigger the rocks, the better luck you'll have."

Well, A. Burnand and some of the "sooners" from Borrego valley went over the day before and gathered up all the loose rocks around the monument to fill their quota. An' us fellers who showed up later had to lug stones from Coyote mountain a quarter of a mile away before we could go out huntin'. But we built quite a sizable monument to ol' Pegleg Smith.

And then everybody scattered out over the hills lookin' fer gold. Some of them city rockhounds showed up and I don't really think they was lookin' fer black nuggets. They kept talkin' about agate and geodes and calcite crystals. But they all got in a lot of leg work an' soaked up a hide-full o' that desert sunshine, and a good time was had by all.

I guess maybe none of 'em put big enough rocks on that monument to satisfy Pegleg's ghost. But they all want to try it again. Said they was comin' back on New Year's day again in 1949 and pile some more boulders on that monument and have another look fer them black nuggets.

I hope you'll come down fer the party next year. While you haven't had much luck findin' the old mine, you know a lot o' places where it ain't—and it will be sorta encouragin' to the huntin' folks to have you there guidin' 'em.

PISGAH BILL

Lost Gold of the Guadalupe

By JOHN D. MITCHELL

Art by John Hansen

OLD Geronimo, notorious Apache leader, once said that the richest gold mines in the United States lay hidden in the Guadalupe.

Sentinel peak in northwest Texas, a short distance south of the New Mexico state line, rises to a height of 9500 feet above sea level and is the highest point of land in the Lone Star state. This magnificent mountain peak near the south end of the Guadalupe range has for many years been a friendly guidepost to prospectors and adventurers searching for a lost mine somewhere to the north of the peak and west of the Pecos river.

General Lew Wallace, author of *Ben Hur*, when governor of the Territory of New Mexico, stated publicly that he had, while delving among some old Spanish records in the basement of the capitol building at Santa Fe, discovered an ancient

The details are vague, but the stories persist of a rich gold deposit in the Guadalupe range of northwest Texas where according to legend the Spaniards found very rich ore. John Mitchell suspects that this lost Spanish treasure and the Lost Sublett mine, which many old-timers believe to be an authentic discovery, are the same. Anyway, here is the evidence now available.

paper describing in detail how an Indian who had been converted to Christianity in the village of Tabira, had guided Captain de Gavilan and 30 other Spaniards to a point known as Sierra de las Cenizas (mountain of the ashes) on the eastern spurs of the Guadalupe and that the party had returned to Santa Fe heavily

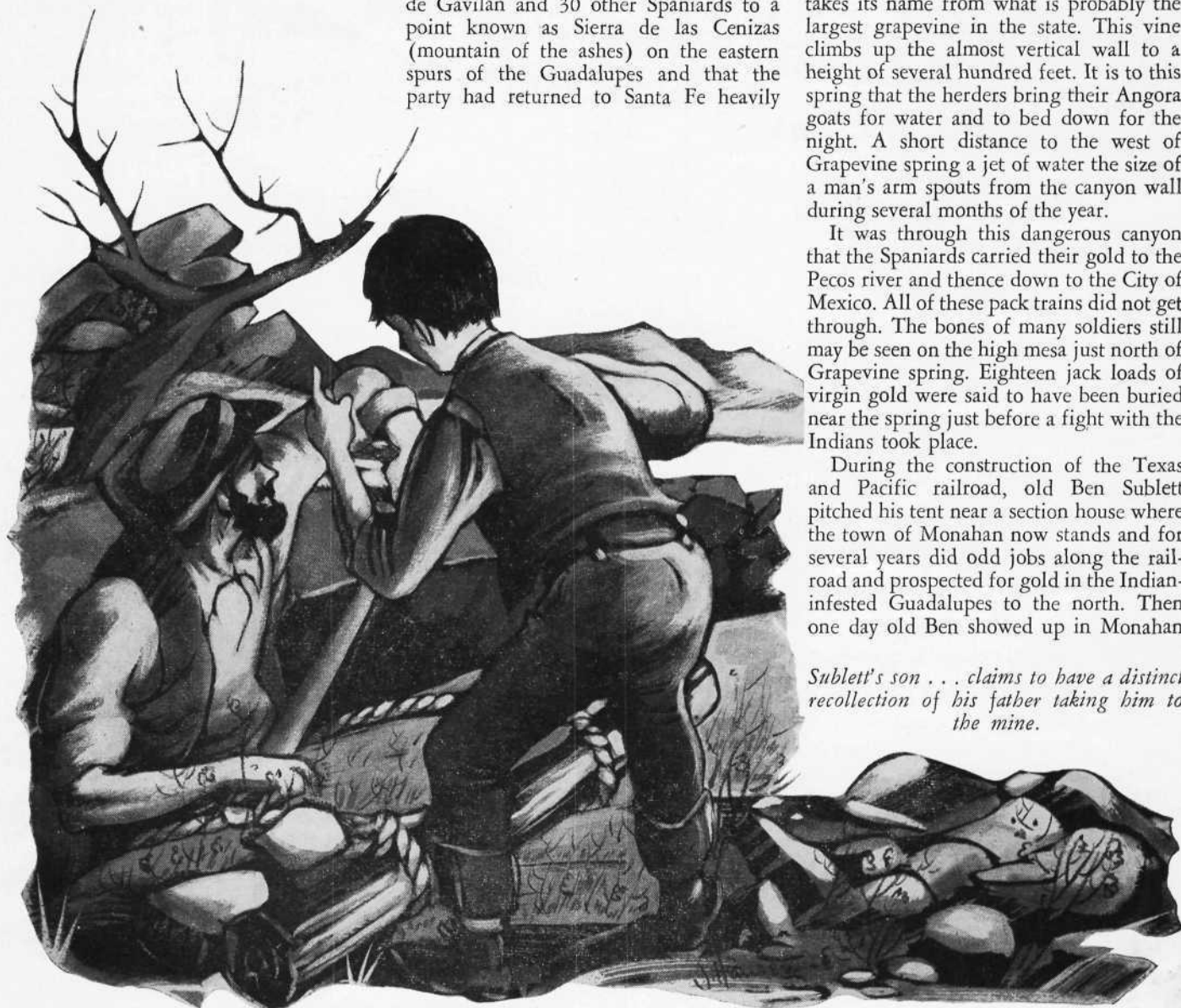
burdened with gold nuggets and ore in the form of "wires and masses." Shortly thereafter the Pueblo Indians started the great uprising in which every Spaniard who did not flee from New Mexico was killed. This was in the year 1680, and the village of Tabira was wiped out and the Indian guide killed and Sierra de las Cenizas joined the long list of lost mines.

The Guadalupe extend from Sentinel peak for a hundred miles or more to the north. The dark-colored lava beds that make up the greater part of the formation are gashed by deep narrow canyons or crevices through which the flood waters from the mountains are carried to the Pecos river. After leaving the Pecos, water is scarce as the canyons are dry for the greater part of the year. Grapevine spring in Dark canyon to the north of the Carlsbad caverns furnishes a small amount of water the whole year round. The spring takes its name from what is probably the largest grapevine in the state. This vine climbs up the almost vertical wall to a height of several hundred feet. It is to this spring that the herders bring their Angora goats for water and to bed down for the night. A short distance to the west of Grapevine spring a jet of water the size of a man's arm spouts from the canyon wall during several months of the year.

It was through this dangerous canyon that the Spaniards carried their gold to the Pecos river and thence down to the City of Mexico. All of these pack trains did not get through. The bones of many soldiers still may be seen on the high mesa just north of Grapevine spring. Eighteen jack loads of virgin gold were said to have been buried near the spring just before a fight with the Indians took place.

During the construction of the Texas and Pacific railroad, old Ben Sublett pitched his tent near a section house where the town of Monahan now stands and for several years did odd jobs along the railroad and prospected for gold in the Indian-infested Guadalupe to the north. Then one day old Ben showed up in Monahan

Sublett's son . . . claims to have a distinct recollection of his father taking him to the mine.



with a small sack of gold nuggets and announced in a saloon that he had struck it rich. The drinks were on the house.

After that old Ben devoted his entire time to prospecting and made frequent trips into the Guadalupe, each time returning with a small sack of gold nuggets. He seemed well supplied with money and spent it freely around Monahan and Odessa. However, no amount of persuasion on the part of his friends or of the townspeople would induce the wily old prospector to disclose the source of his wealth.

Sublett died in 1892 at the age of 82 years and was buried in Odessa, Texas. He left no map or waybill to his mine. I doubt if there is a man in the great state of Texas or New Mexico who has not heard the story of Sublett's mine. Hundreds of adventurers and prospectors have searched the Guadalupe from one end to the other, from north to south, from east to west. From old Fort Sumner, New Mexico, to the mouth of the Pecos down on the Rio Grande the story is as fresh today as it was when Ben first showed up with his sack of nuggets and announced that he had finally, after many years, struck it rich.

Sublett's son, Ross, now living in Carlsbad, New Mexico, claims to have a distinct recollection of his father having taken him to the mine when he was a very small boy and having seen his father climb down a rope ladder into what he calls a crevice, and bring out gold nuggets. He says there was a tunnel at one end of this crevice or open cut. He was too young to take any interest in it at the time, but he has spent many years since the death of his father trying to find his way back to the mine.

Lost mines located in a wild Indian country are always rich. The wilder the Indians the richer the mines seem to be. Sierra de las Cenizas and old Ben Sublett's mine are no exception to the rule. Sublett's mine and Sierra de las Cenizas seem to have completely disappeared from the face of the earth. Not so with the 18 jack loads of virgin gold buried at Grapevine spring in Dark canyon. Herders tending their flocks of Angora goats at the spring in the rainy season say strange lights suddenly leap out of the ground among the oaks that line the canyon wall just across from the spring and below the high mesa where are the graves of the Spanish soldiers. This Dark canyon country is a land of ghost stories and the old goat herders who graze their flocks on the rocky rattlesnake-infested mesas, say that on dark windy nights, the old captain and his soldiers rise from their graves, mount their mules and gallop up and down the rocky canyon where the 18 jack loads of virgin gold lie buried, and like the strange lights vanish into the darkness as suddenly as they came.

Sometimes we wonder how in the world so many mines and treasures become lost

and why they are so hard to find. The Spaniards entered this part of the Southwest in 1536, about nine years after beaching their ships on the eastern coast of Mexico, and for a period of 287 years cursed the land with unprintable history, slavery, religious intolerance and brutal bigotry. While the invaders spread the doctrine of Christ and collected gold and silver, the Indians secretly planned a revolution that would free them from the white man's religion and oppression. The Spaniards foreseeing the revolution and knowing that they would be unable to take anything with them, buried much of their treasure and sealed the entrances to the rich mines they had been working.

When our own pioneers came into this country after the signing of the Gadsden treaty, they found many rich placers and outcroppings of rich ore, which in some

instances they were unable to work on account of hostile Indians. Later when the Indians had been rounded up and placed on reservations, many of the original locators, who had not been murdered in the meantime, tried to return to their old diggings. But generally they were unable to find them.

Whether Sierra de las Cenizas and the Sublett mine are one and the same, we are unable to say. There is a Sierra de las Cenizas in the eastern part of the state of Sonora, Mexico, where 500 Indians and Mexican *gambusinos* have for a long time been making their living by picking large gold nuggets out of conglomerate that has formed around this small mountain of the ashes. If Sierra de las Cenizas in the Guadalupe is as rich as its namesake across the line, it would seem to be well worth looking for.

TRUE OR FALSE

Here's another of those brain-twisters for the desert fans. If you know all the history, geography, botany, mineralogy and

general lore of the desert country you will score 100% in this test. If you haven't acquired all that information yet, here is a chance to add to your store of knowledge. The law of averages should give you 10 correct answers, even if you have never seen the Great American Desert. Fifteen correct answers indicates better than an average knowledge of the desert. If you get 18, you can sign your name with an S.D.S.—Sand Dune Sage. The answers are on page 37.

- 1—The "horned toad" of the desert is not a toad but a lizard. True..... False.....
- 2—An arrastra was used by prehistoric Indians to kill buffalo. True..... False.....
- 3—Ferns are found in many of the desert canyons. True..... False.....
- 4—California's Salton Sea now covers a much smaller area than in 1900. True..... False.....
- 5—The chief industry of Searchlight, Nevada, is sheep raising. True..... False.....
- 6—Blossom of larrea, commonly known as greasewood or creosote bush, is yellow. True..... False.....
- 7—A calcite crystal will scratch a quartz crystal. True..... False.....
- 8—The traveler may reach Havasupai Indian village over a paved road. True..... False.....
- 9—Scotty's Castle in Death Valley is a reconstructed prehistoric Indian ruin. True..... False.....
- 10—A line drawn east and west through Reno, Nevada, would pass south of Salt Lake City. True..... False.....
- 11—Going east over Highway 50 the traveler would change his watch to mountain time at Yuma, Arizona. True..... False.....
- 12—Wild burros now roam many parts of the desert. True..... False.....
- 13—Santa Fe is the capital of New Mexico. True..... False.....
- 14—The date palm tree is a native of the Great American Desert. True..... False.....
- 15—Joseph Smith led the original Mormon trek to Utah. True..... False.....
- 16—The door of a Navajo hogan always faces east. True..... False.....
- 17—Bright Angel creek, tributary of the Colorado, was given its name by the first Powell expedition. True..... False.....
- 18—One of the desert lizards is called vinegaroon. True..... False.....
- 19—Chimayo, home of the handspun weaving industry, is in California. True..... False.....
- 20—Springerville, Arizona, lies at a higher elevation than Phoenix. True..... False.....



Aerial view of part of the lower delta of the Colorado river, taken about 1932. Loops and bends show the past meanderings of the river as it changed course across the delta. Diagonal line is the grade of the Mexicali and Sonoran railroad. Photo by Erickson of San Diego.

Fish Tale from the Delta

By GODFREY SYKES

IN the early nineties an Arizona development company constructed a retention and diversion dam in the Gila river near Gila Bend, which was designed to provide for the reclamation of a large area of desert land along the Gila valley.

The scheme was ambitious and probably would have proved successful, as the Gila in those days still carried a reasonably regular flow and the valley lands were fertile. But the dam itself was a very sketchy structure built of timber covered with layers of creosoted or tarred paper, and supported by timber bents on the down-stream side.

The inevitable happened. Heavy rains in the upper drainage area of the Gila and Salt rivers, brought down a rush of flood water that undermined, overwhelmed and quickly obliterated the flimsy structure and whirled the resultant debris through the channel of the lower Gila and into the Colorado.

At this point I entered the story. With two companions I had been spending the spring and summer of 1894 on the Colo-

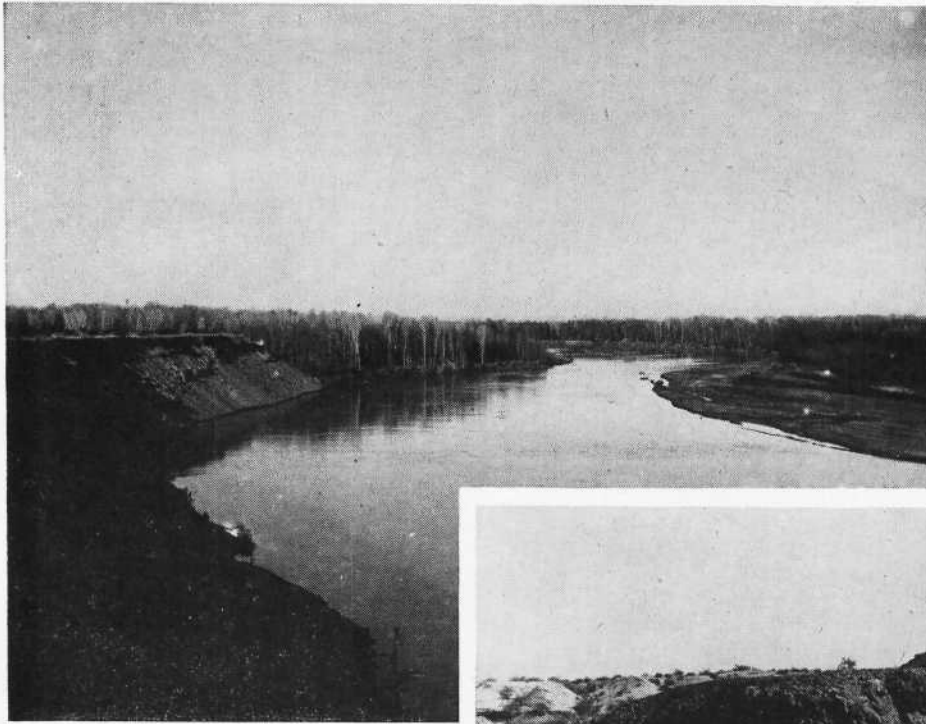
Thousands of tons of Colorado river fish died on the lower river in the summer of 1894, and no one knows just why. Godfrey Sykes, the grand old man of the delta, was in the midst of the carnage and when the editor asked him for more details he wrote: "Frankly, I don't know what killed them! All I know is that immediately after the obliteration of the Wolfley dam in the Gila, the resultant flood-water down the Colorado . . . was obviously toxic for the fish. The current explanation of the river-side folk at Yuma was: 'That damned creosote paper on the dam done it!' You must remember that the affair took place in pre-scientific days, when we just took happenstances for granted and generally forgot them." Whatever caused the fish holocaust, Sykes will never forget it.

rado and the head of the Gulf of California. I was making notes, as was my custom, upon such matters as current changes, bank-erosion, bar-formation, and the like. In the estuary and the head of the Gulf, I studied the great tides and the "burro" or tidal-bore.

We ranged as far afield as San Felipe bay, on the coast of the peninsula, and made a camp there, spending two or three weeks fishing, eating oysters—which abounded upon the rocky point at the northern end of the bay and spearing an occasional turtle. Living off the country in fact. In the meanwhile our store of flour, beans, sow-belly and rice had been about

used up. So we picked a gunny-sack full of excellent oysters off the rocks, and set sail for civilization and the nearest Chinese restaurant, at Yuma.

Our boat—the *Jabberwok*—which we had built and christened at the Needles early in the winter, was equipped with a centre-board, mainsail and jib, and was fairly handy under sail in open water, although rather heavy to row or tow against the river current. It was usual in those pre-outboard motor days to work small craft up through the estuary mainly by the help of the tides, making fast to a snag or dropping the hook as the ebb began, and waiting for the flood to give an-



Colorado river, where it leaves the edge of the Sonora mesa for the flat land of the delta.

other effortless boost upstream. On this occasion we used our sack of oysters as a supplementary anchor at some point in mid-channel about two miles above the upper end of Montague island and were carried by the succeeding flood-tide well up above the mouth of the Hardy estuary.

We made a good run up the estuary, using our sails and a southeast breeze, and left our camp in the long reach above the mouth of the Hardy in the next slack water, after eating a few score of our oysters.

The best way to open and eat these luscious bivalves is to spread out the coals of one's camp fire and throw a hundred or so of them on the hot coals. The heat quickly

opens them and one can pick them up and proceed, like the Walrus and the Carpenter in Lewis Carroll's immortal poem, "to

eat them, every one!" This we did, as we were "on short-commons."

In those days there were innumerable wild hogs in the tule brakes on the Sonoran side of the river and we made a short but unsuccessful stop at Hog slough for a shoat to replenish our larder. We noticed, while making this stop, that the river was rising a little and carrying foreign looking drift, planks, timbers, and desert litter of various sorts. The water, too, had a strange look and smell.

The trip up from the Hardy to Yuma with a heavy boat generally took from six

San Felipe point from the south, taken at low tide. The oyster rocks show in the foreground.



Home of Miguel Gonzales, Cocopah Indian, typical of the Cocopah housing during the days when the author made his voyage on the lower Colorado.



to eight days with the river at a medium stage, and we already had eaten all our oysters and the flour and bean sacks were about empty. We thought it wise to leave our hoped-for shoat to enjoy life a little longer and make our way up toward the Chinese restaurant and three square meals before we encountered flood conditions.

So we cast off from Hog slough camp and were fortunate enough to get a fair slant of wind that carried us almost to our next camp, above the Colonia Lerdo landing. As the river above this point was extremely crooked, and the banks along this old alignment were heavily timbered with cottonwood and willows, sailing up stream was usually out of the question and oars or a towline were necessary. We therefore snugged down everything in the boat overnight and overhauled our towing line and gear ready for an early start in the morning.

I was up quite early, looking about hopefully for something to cook for breakfast, when I noticed a "Colorado salmon" poking his nose out of the water alongside the

bank. This looked like an answer to my wish, so I took the camp axe and hit him on the head with it and hauled him ashore. The fracas aroused my companions and in a minute or two another head popped up and also was hit with the axe. They were both fine fish, nearly three feet in length and apparently in good condition.

The breakfast question being satisfactorily settled, we naturally thought of the parable of the loaves and fishes, and hoped that our run of luck would last at least until we reached Yuma. We were encouraged during the next hour or so, while laboriously towing our heavy boat up stream, when we noticed several other fish in the shallow water along the banks, with their heads out of water. We also saw a few dead fish, representative of the three standard species of river fish as we knew them—salmon, bony-tail and hump-back—floating in mid stream. The water had become almost undrinkable, with a mixture of fish-oil and an unknown ingredient which was very very nasty.

This of course suggested poison of some sort, but we appeared to have suffered no

ill effects from the large quantities of salmon we had eaten for breakfast. So we hit a few more fish on their heads as the day went on and dug little pits in the bank from time to time in order to get seepage water for drinking. Like most river men of that era we were accustomed to dip a tin cup over the side of the boat when we

*Fishing with a axe
near Yuma, 1894*



were thirsty and strain out the heaviest of the silt between our teeth. We considered this ordinary "run of the river" to be good for the digestion, but we were a little suspicious of the unsavoury semi-fluid that now surrounded us.

The river had begun to fall a little during this first day of towing, and as the sand bars were exposed we saw what havoc the poison in the water had caused among the fish. They literally were piled upon every bar and shoaling bank in great heaps and windrows. As the day happened to be a warm one, the odor of over-ripe fish of all sizes became almost overpowering.

Conditions became steadily worse during the two following days. We had serious thoughts of abandoning our boat and other belongings and making our way overland toward the fleshpots of Yuma. It was a long and sandy road, however, as I had discovered two years earlier when I lost my boat on the Gulf and was compelled to hoof it back to civilization. Upon this occasion, when we took everything into consideration, we decided to stay with the boat. There were many sandy miles between our present location on the river, and the longed-for Chinese hash-foundry, and the fish diet we had lived upon for several days had not yet poisoned us. We hoped conditions would become more tolerable in a day or two.

We made guesses as to how many millions of tons of dead fish we would have to pass before reaching Yuma bridge. We considered that as the distance was approximately 50 river miles, and as the exposed shoals would average about 100 acres in area per mile, and the piled fish lay in heaps averaging 10 or 15 pounds to the square yard, the total exposure would be well up in six figures! It looked like a lot of fish, and our guesses may have been a little high, but no more so than travelers are entitled to when they are telling fish stories.

After two or three days of falling river and the leaching of more fish oil into the water, the longed-for relief came. The river rose suddenly one night about two feet and the water again had the old familiar chocolate-brown color and earthy taste. Although the rise and consequent increased current made towing a little heavier work on a scanty fish diet, we at length sighted Pilot Knob and reached the end of the cork-screw bends about where the little border station of San Luis now stands. This encouraged us so much I put on my shoes and my other shirt, and padded up to Yuma. I came back with a fine large steak and two loaves of Chinese bread, and we made a proper supper, which enabled us to reach Yuma the following day.

At Yuma, we learned about the failure of the Gila dam which apparently caused all the mortality among the river fish and resulted in a fishy voyage for us. But after two or three days of industrious filling-up, we regained our normal weight and decided that the trip to the gulf had been an enjoyable one after all.

Prizes for Desert Photos

Each month Desert Magazine awards prizes for the best picture submitted by photographer-readers—amateur and professional. Any desert photograph is eligible and the one which best presents one phase of the endless variety of desert subject-matter will win. Good shadows and highlights, blacks and whites, which will reproduce well in the magazine, will have the best chance of winning.

First prize is \$10, and second prize \$5. For non-winning pictures accepted for publication, Desert will pay \$3 each. Entries for the March contest must reach Desert Magazine office in El Centro, California, not later than March 20, and winning prints will be published in the May issue. Pictures arriving after that date will be held for the April contest.

HERE ARE THE RULES

- 1—Prints for monthly contests must be black and white, 5x7 or larger, printed on glossy paper.
- 2—Each photograph submitted should be fully labeled as to subject, time and place. Also technical data: camera, shutter speed, hour of day, etc.
- 3—PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED ONLY WHEN RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED.
- 4—All entries must be in the Desert Magazine office by the 20th of the contest month.
- 5—Contests are open to both amateur and professional photographers. Desert Magazine requires first publication rights only of prize winning pictures.
- 6—Time and place of photograph are immaterial, except that it must be from the desert Southwest.
- 7—Judges will be selected from Desert's editorial staff, and awards will be made immediately after the close of the contest each month.

ADDRESS ALL ENTRIES TO PHOTO EDITOR, DESERT MAGAZINE.

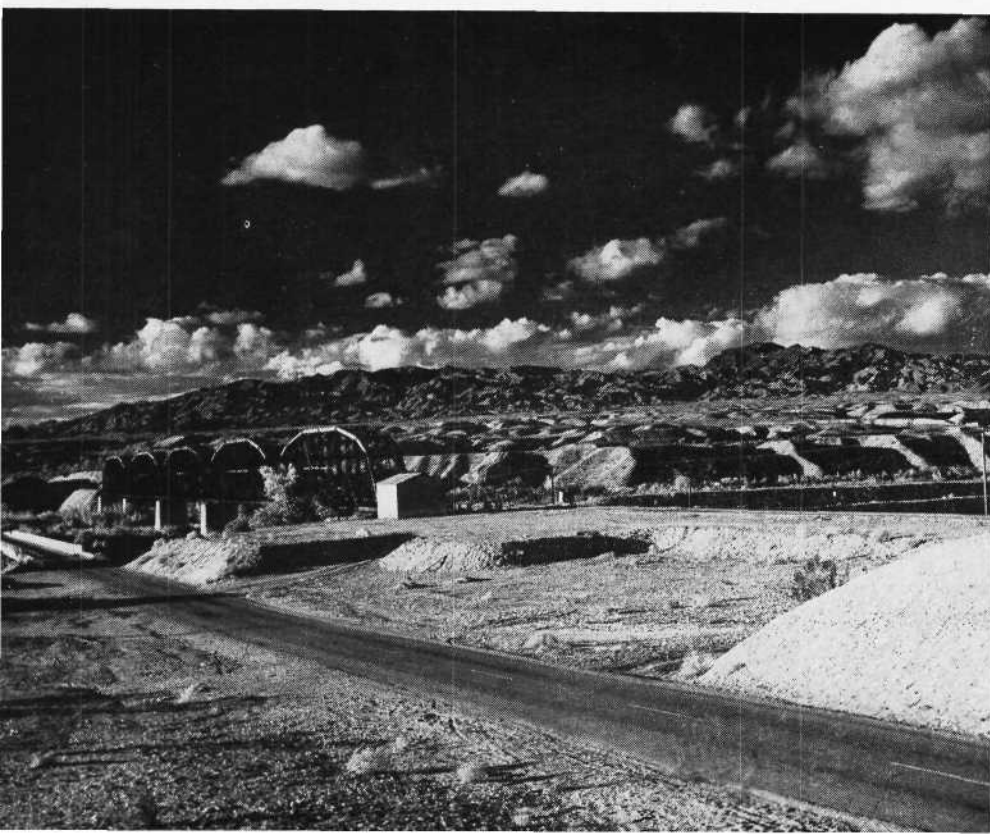
THE *Desert* MAGAZINE
EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA



Pictures of the Month . . .

Navajo

This photograph, awarded first prize in Desert's January contest, is of a Navajo mother and her son in Monument valley. Martha Burleigh of Los Angeles took the picture with a Medalist II camera at 1/100 second, f.8 on Ansco Plenachrome film.



Evening Shadows

Second prize winner was J.K. Yoakum of Parker, Arizona. The picture was taken looking west from Parker across the Colorado river toward California.

Special Merit

In the first open-subject contest held by Desert Magazine in two years, many fine entries were submitted for the January awards, and the judges felt the following pictures were of exceptional merit:

"Hoover Dam at Night" by Arthur Center, Long Beach, California.

"Box Canyon" by Nicholas N. Kozloff, San Bernardino, California.

"The Nomad" by Ben Pope, Dinuba, California.

Mines and Mining . .

Goldpoint, Nevada . . .

Prospects are bright that the Nevada gold mill at Goldpoint will be reopened early in 1948, according to officials of the Grand Central Mining company who visited Charles Richards, mill owner, in Reno recently. The officials hope to purchase the mill outright and use half its 75-ton capacity for their own ore, reserving the rest for custom milling. An eight-foot vein of milling grade ore has been opened for 180 feet at the Grand Central mine, according to Clyde Barcus, superintendent, and development work is in progress.

Flagstaff, Arizona . . .

The oil prospect well being drilled at Gray Mountain Trading post north of Flagstaff has reached 1915 feet and indications are very promising, according to Roy G. Steele, in general charge of operations. The well has had several showings of oil and hit a heavy flow of salt water at 1780 feet, Steele says. Good water, estimated at 400 gallons hourly, was struck at 1325 feet. The drill is in red wall limestone, and is going down 20 feet a day. Work will continue until oil is found or a depth of 4000 feet reached.

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Transfer of the alloy section of U. S. bureau of mines from Salt Lake to College Park, Maryland will be held in abeyance until after July, because of protest by Utah officials. Dr. James Boyd, director of the bureau, said the change will be beneficial to Utah in the long run, since space vacated by the alloy section would be utilized for expansion of tests in treatment of ores. Results of the alloy work, he said were of greater interest to the industrial east.

Boron, California . . .

Sale of Western Borax mine at Boron, Kern county, to Harvey Seeley, Henry T. Mudd and George B. Dub has been confirmed by Federal Judge Louis E. Goodwin. The sale, recommended by R. E. Allen, receiver for the properties, comprised 640 acres for \$491,225. The borax plant will be sold separately.

Manassa, Colorado . . .

King Turquoise mine, nine miles east of Manassa, produced turquoise worth \$30,000 during 1946, only one-third less than the total production of Nevada turquoise mines. History of the King mine extends to pre-Columbian times when Indians mined there with stone tools. A turquoise nugget weighing nearly nine pounds, said to be the largest found, was discovered in the King mine in 1946.

Beatty, Nevada . . .

A 50-ton, twin-unit mill just south of Beatty is scheduled for completion in February, according to Quinn-Young industries, erecting the plant. Initially it will treat only ore from Homer Week's Senator Stewart mine, with custom ore accepted occasionally as an accommodation to Beatty miners. The mill is being assembled from a 30-ton Harding unit bought from Leo Bacoccini and a mill from Darwin, California. If the pilot plant is successful, two full-scale mills may be brought to Beatty, Quinn-Young industries declare.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Discovery of a rich 20-foot ore body in the face of the main transportation tunnel of Winnemucca Mountain mine is reported by Gus Goggers, general superintendent. This is said to be the third blind vein encountered within a distance of 300 feet. Values in the veins are in gold, silver and copper. Workings so far have been in sedimentary formations and lime beds.

Clark, Nevada . . .

A new plant fitted with latest equipment to process diatomaceous earth has been completed at Clark by Eagle-Picher company, T. C. Carter, company vice-president announces. The plant will turn out a diatomaceous product called Celatom, used in high temperature insulation, in filtering beverages, as a carrier for fertilizers and insecticides and as a filler to provide bulk and strength for paints, paper, polishes and plastics.

Randsburg, California . . .

Darrel V. Cole, mining engineer from the Feather river country, has leased 500 acres of unpatented placer ground and 60 acres of patented ground in Goler gulch from the Yellow Aster Mining and Milling company. The lease includes the Yellow Aster well. Cole plans to handle 100 yards of placer material a shift, and sampling will precede installation of equipment. Production is expected during 1948.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

An unnamed prospector reportedly has discovered a rich vein in the Goldfield area, apparently similar to the Deep Mines strike, but the vein is on patented land. So far the owner has refused to assure the prospector in writing that he will receive a percentage of the profits and the prospector has refused to disclose the location without such a guarantee. The owner has many holdings and it is not likely, it is said, that he can discover the vein himself. The prospector cannot work another's property. There the matter rests.

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

The Kalunite plant at Salt Lake has been sold by War Assets administration to J. R. Simplot of Boise and Pocatello for \$752,000, with the understanding that the plant would be reconverted into a phosphate fertilizer producer. Action of the WAA was unusual in that it sold the plant to the lowest of three bidders but at the price offered by the highest bidder, American Potash and Chemical company. American Potash has protested the award on the grounds that it was irregular and may carry the protest to the courts. The award also has been protested by Columbia Metals, another bidder.

"Field Tests for the Common Metals," by George R. Fansett, bulletin of the University of Arizona, has been released in its ninth edition. The booklet contains simple tests to determine presence of common metals.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Baldwin and V. L. Bagby have purchased the old Warrior gold mine east of Mina, Nevada, but are having trouble locating machinery to reopen it.

J. C. Kinnear of Ely was re-elected, for the 21st consecutive year, as president of the Nevada Mine Operators' association. Kinnear is vice-president of Kennicott Copper corporation. Henry M. Rives, Reno, was named association secretary for his 34th term.

H. J. Rahilly, general superintendent for Anaconda Copper Mining company mines, has been named manager of mines, succeeding James J. Carrigan who has retired due to ill health. A. C. Bigley, assistant general superintendent since 1910 is the new superintendent, and Hale Strock is new assistant.

Death took five old-time Nevada and California mining men at the turn of the year. John H. "Hard Rock" Smith, 78, died at Pioche and Michal J. Toner, 70, died at Reno. Both had followed the Nevada booms to Tonopah, Goldfield, Rhyolite, Bullfrog, and the rest. Toner settled down at Manhattan while Smith made Pioche his headquarters. William Fulton Reid, 89, Goldfield, Nevada, hoistman who made \$250,000 in Jumbo Extension stock in 1915, passed away at Lynwood, California. Frank M. Rapp, 66, mining engineer who prospected most of Nye, Esmeralda, Clark and Lincoln counties, died in Tonopah. Axel Herman Anderson whose 42-year mining career stretched from Leadville, Colorado to Tecopa, California, died in Randsburg, California.

"Come! Come!" they said, "'Tis time to up and do—
Too long have you sat dreaming in the noon.
Seel—'Progress' beckons! Seel—the golden heights!
Haste! Haste!—for Fortune passeth oversoon!"

So he, who sat in peace, forsook his hearth.
His bow and quiver left he by the spring.
His feathers and his beads he laid aside—
And for them took the Chain and Iron Ring.

And after many days—all spent and worn—
A fettered slave, he sank to earth and grieved—
"Lo, I have traded Freedom for the Rod,
And Stars for Bubbles. I have been deceived!"

Desert Trails

By MARSHAL SOUTH

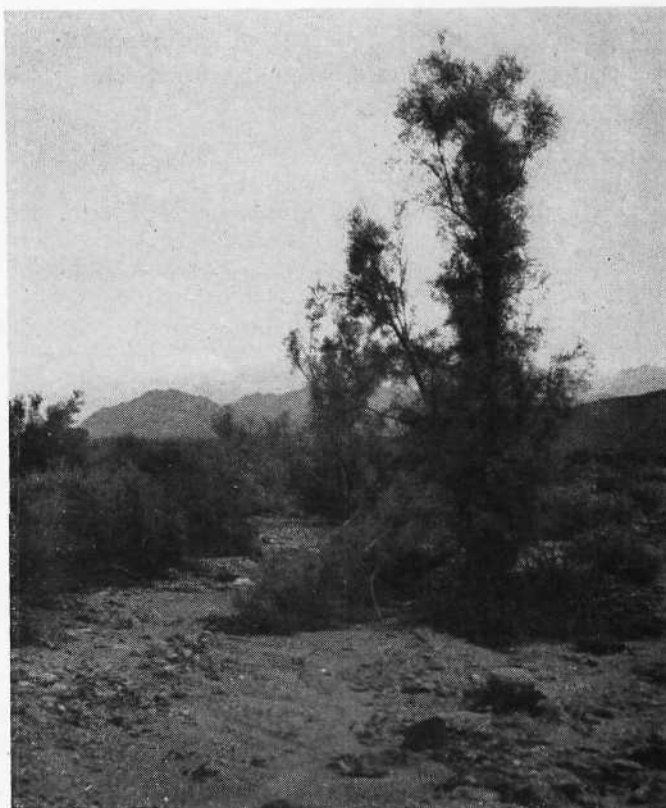
YAQUI well sleeps in the sun and the desert silence. On the gleaming surface of its crystal water, which lies like a tiny scrap of shattered mirror in the hot sand, dance the reflected images of ironwood trees and ragged bushes and the towering lift of crowding mountain ridges whose gaunt brown flanks, streaked and spotted with patches of alkali-grey and riven by the savage scars of cloudbursts, brood over the narrow dry wash like the Spirit of Thirst over a whitened bone.

Springs in the desert are generally much more than just water-holes. By virtue of their vital importance they acquire an aura—an atmosphere that is like a human personality. Woven from the very fibres of Life and Death and Joy and Despair and the bitterest dregs of desert tragedy the spirit that is a part of each watering place is strikingly individual—and very real. Yaqui well, for all the sunlit peace of its setting and the dreamy whisper of the lazy wind through the branches of its ironwoods, hugs to its crystal heart grim secrets. Secrets which are part of the legend of Pegleg Smith and of the tragic fate of many others who headed out into the wastelands in search of his lost mine.

A couple of days ago I went down into the desert to renew my acquaintance with Yaqui well. It isn't hard to reach now, for a paved highway, No. 78, passes almost within a biscuit toss of it, and now there is even a bus connection. For the recently instituted service of the Mountain Stage Lines between Julian and Brawley will set you down right at the sleepy little turn-off road which leads from pavement down through the chollas and ocotillos to the well. It is only 18 miles from Julian. A distance that means nothing now. But in the old days the roads were different.

But neither the proximity of pavement, the convenience of bus service nor the near-by loom of power-lines, which now march through the Narrows, have shattered the old-time atmosphere of Yaqui well. The desert has absorbed these intrusions. The ocean of silence has welled up and engulfed them. A few steps down the dry dirt road and the desert wraps you around with its friendly blanket. You are as much in the solitude of the wastelands as though you were a thousand leagues from modern Progress.

Smoke trees stalk like grey ghosts down the harsh gravel of the bush-grown wash. And creosote bushes and burroweed compete for place with the bristling heads of the Bigelow chollas. Ocotillos writhe their spiny wands towards the sun and cast a basket-work of ragged shadows from which little groups of drowsing quail scurry off, startled, at advancing footsteps. It is very quiet. And over all brood the mountain ridges. The iron-



"Smoke trees stalk like grey ghosts down the harsh gravel of the bush-grown wash."

wood trees are inviting havens of shade against the sere glare of the sun-scorched slopes.

I had come down by the stage line. And I was glad of it. Because now, as I made my way along the trail toward the well, I was afoot. And for absorbing the spirit of the desert—or any other region—there is no mode of progress to compare with foot travel. There is a soul-comforting satisfaction about it which outweighs a thousandfold any of the dubious advantages which mechanical transportation has conferred. As a people—thanks to gasoline—we have almost lost the art of walking. And with it, I think, we have lost also something else.

The well hadn't changed much during the long span of years which had elapsed since I had last seen it. It is true that a few alterations had been made. A small concrete container topped with an arrangement of iron pipe made the water more accessible for cattle, but otherwise "improvement" had touched the place lightly. I reflected that the weedy basin which had held the water of my previous memory had perhaps been more picturesque. But I did not feel like quarrelling with the cattlemen just because of that. Anyway there were no cattle in sight. Though around the trough and in the muddy, grass-grown overflow, their tracks were everywhere apparent.

Yaqui well isn't really a well. It is a seep or spring—probably an uprise from the underground flow that moves down from the high mountains, along the underground channels deep beneath the hot sands of the wash. A trickle of this, diverted perhaps by some subterranean rock ridge, rises to the surface like a leak from some buried water main. This is Yaqui well.

Perhaps, in the beginning of human record, the spring was dug out as a well or basin to receive the up-bubbling water. Mayhap the Yaqui Indian, after whom the spot is named, was the first to do this. But it is not likely—because this spring must have been well known to the desert Indians for a long span of time prior to his advent. The Yaqui moved in and established himself about the year 1880. He came up from Sonora, Mexico, and married an Indian girl of a tribe dwelling in Grapevine

canyon. It is possible it was from her he learned of the spring. At any rate the place has been known for him ever since.

The Yaqui's bequest to those who came later includes something more than the name of a spring. Reliable report says that from the spring, as a starting point, he had a secret trail which led out toward the sun in the desert badlands where there lay a fabulously rich deposit of gold. Whether this gold deposit was the same as the one found by Pegleg Smith cannot of course be certain. But local evidence and accumulated stories point to this connection. At any rate the Yaqui went after gold whenever he had need of it. It is possible he derived his information about this mine from the same source from which he had learned about the spring—that is, from his Indian wife. Later he was killed in a brawl and the secret died with him. His widow never would reveal to anyone else the trail he had used.

There is good reason to suppose, however, that another character, well known around Julian and Banner in the early mining days, also got on the right trail to the elusive gold which Pegleg Smith made famous. This was Jim Green. "Nigger Jim," as he was called, came into the limelight as an unassuming hotel porter around the gold camp hotels. Later he became exceedingly rich, and then mysteriously disappeared. The source of his wealth was said to be reached by a secret trail in the vicinity of Yaqui well. No one ever succeeded in following Nigger Jim to his mine. But at least once he stated positively that Yaqui well was the last water to be had on the route which led to it. Nigger Jim Green was a close mouthed individual. Like so many others, he faded from the stage in a haze of mystery.

One could go on indefinitely weaving the web of story and legend which Time has built up around Yaqui well as around the hub of a wheel. That grand old-timer, Charlie McCloud of Julian—who perhaps came closer than anyone else to unravel-

ling the secret of the lost Pegleg—knew all the stories and could tell them by the hour. The only personal story that I can contribute to the collection—and it is a second-hand tale at that—is the account given me by an old prospector who declared that on one of his trips he came up with an Indian woman near the Narrows. It was nightfall and drizzling with rain to boot. But in the gloom he could just make out that the woman was dragging something which looked like the body of a man. She told him that this was her man, who had died recently. She was taking him into one of the canyons to bury him. Pointing to the burros she asked for help, promising that if the white man would help her she would repay him with gold.

More out of sympathy than with any hope of reward the prospector agreed. The body was loaded on one of the burros and the woman led the way up a small side canyon. After a long journey through pitch blackness and almost impassable country the woman stopped at what appeared to be an ancient burial ground. Together they scooped a shallow hole in which the body was placed and covered with stones.

Then, bidding the white man wait, the woman vanished into the darkness. Rain had begun to fall and so swiftly did she disappear that it was impossible to determine which way she had gone, much less follow her. The prospector had no choice but to wait.

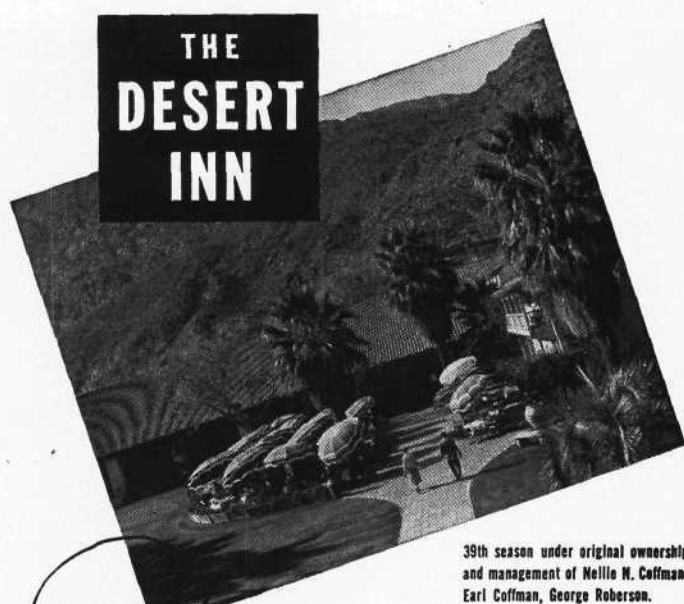
He waited a long time. After what seemed several hours she reappeared suddenly like a ghost at his elbow. "Come," she said. She turned and led the way back, following with an uncanny sense of direction the circuitous route by which they had come. Not until they reached the point where the other two burros had remained tethered did the woman speak again. Then she thrust a bundle into his hand. "This for pay," she said—and she was gone into the night. Rain soaked, disgruntled and stumbling in the inky dark the prospector finally located a spot to camp. Later when he opened the package the woman had given him his bodily discomfort and ill humor vanished. It contained several small nuggets of almost pure gold.

But his high hopes went for nothing. The rain had ceased by morning. But although he spent a week in the vicinity he was never able to discover where the woman had obtained the specimens. He could not even find the spot where they had buried the dead Indian. One more skein of mystery had looped itself around the ghost-haunted borders of Yaqui well.

Ghosts are reputed to haunt the waterhole. Perhaps this belief comes from the fact that actual Indian burial grounds are in the vicinity. Charlie McCloud was responsible for a well authenticated story of an Indian who, wandering through one of these old burial places, picked up an ancient clay pot of queer design. He carried it home to his camp near Julian. That night the spirit of an old-time Indian witch doctor appeared to him with such fierce threats that the terrified bowl-snatcher got out of his blankets and, though it was midnight, started back to the desert. Nor did he rest until he had laid the ominous little bit of pottery back in the place he found it.

So much for legend and mystery. The fact remains, that despite its weird links with the past Yaqui well today is a peaceful and inviting spot. Giant ironwood trees close to the spring make alluring camping places. And though the desert moon can weave shades of wandering ghosts among the smoke trees and the calls of plover can, in the eerie stillness, simulate the complaints of disembodied spirits, there is peace. The desert silence lies over the old waterhole like a benediction. The world and its foolish bickering seems very far away. Under the soft blaze of the stars the wind whispers to itself as it wanders in the wash. The ocotillos sway darkly against the gloom of the ridges, and afar off, the coyotes lift their mournful voices amidst the tumbled rocks. Daylight or dawn or dark or in the hot stillness of noon there are many places in this weary world that are less attractive than Yaqui well.

I am going back there again.



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Earl Coffman, George Roberson.

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...perfect comfort in the Desert Inn's 35-acre
garden estate. All sports. Come back, enjoy life anew!

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

LETTERS...

They Found Skeletons . . .

Berkeley, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I note in Richard Van Valkenburgh's story in the January issue he translates the Spanish words Canyon del Muerto as Canyon of Death. The correct translation is Dead Man's Canyon, as I presume he knows. Probably he and other writers think Canyon of Death is more picturesque. Wouldn't it be more intriguing to speculate as to who the dead man was?

S. G. MORLEY

Reader Morley—If we are going to be literally correct, the translation is "Canyon of the Dead." Will C. Barnes, in Arizona Place Names gives this information: "According to Powell's Fourth Report this was named by James Stevenson in August 1882, from the fact that while exploring the ruins in Casa Blanca his party found several human skeletons in one of the rooms."—R.H.

County Supervisors, Please Take Note . . .

Tucson, Arizona

Dear Mr. Henderson:

In the January Desert, you ask for suggestions regarding the dumping of garbage and rubbish. There is only one solution to curb this ever increasing shameful menace, and that is to have the counties establish permanent dumping grounds, several for each county properly located and reasonably accessible to a given area. All incorporated townships have city dumps—why shouldn't the unincorporated towns have county dumps?

Since there is no designated spot provided you cannot blame the people for hauling their rubbish out to the desert. Modern America lives out of cans, bottles, and paper bags, and they have to dispose of the accumulation somewhere. So go to work on the supervisors, and through publicity and education I believe that to a great extent this disgraceful practice of scarring our beautiful landscape can be eliminated.

H. W. MACDONALD

From a Super Desert Rat . . .

Los Angeles, California

Gentlemen:

What's the matter with those con-founded editors of the Quiz department? I nearly always get 19 answers correct. Once in a while I drop to 18. But there is always one trick question that spoils my score. Desert is a fine instructive magazine, if you just wouldn't put in that trick question.

C. P. KIMBLE

Home Life of the Mesquite . . .

Clovis, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I must take issue with the statement that "mesquite trees grow only where water is close to the surface of the ground." There are many mesquite trees here, where one must drill 100 to 300 feet to get water, and even then the holes are sometimes dry.

Yours for more and better quizzes.

L. J. WHITEMAN

P.S.—I hit your rattlesnake quiz right on the nose.

. . .

Yucaipa, California

Dear Sirs:

Your answer to Question 3 in the January quiz surely is wrong. Mesquite is a desert plant or small tree, and I can show you acres and acres of them 40 miles north-west of Silver City, New Mexico, on land that has been drilled and no water found within 200 feet of the surface.

R. BARNUM

. . .

Sonora, California

Desert Magazine:

You made an error, I believe, in your True or False column in January.

Mesquite trees will grow where there is no water close to the surface. The Mammoth mine, near Mammoth, Arizona, which is my home town, was sunk to a depth of several hundred feet before water was struck. There are no springs or seepages in this locality—but several healthy mesquite trees are growing on the hills near the mine.

PERCY LEAVERTON

. . .

Hereford, Arizona

Dear Randall:

If you'll come over here and spend a few days on the Flying H Ranch I'll teach you something about the home life of a mesquite tree. It may be true in Southern California that mesquites grow only where there is water close to the surface of the ground—but your California mesquites are softies. They've been pampered too much. Over here in southern Arizona I can show you mesquites growing in an area where drillers hit the water table at 1250 feet.

WELDON HEALD

Dear Weldon—After reading the 30-odd letters we've received in protest over Question 3, our Mesquite Tree Editor's face is very red. Says he wouldn't be surprised now if he got a letter from Satan saying that down there where they never heard of water, Hell's main street is lined with mesquites.—R.H.

Desert John of Glamis . . .

Seal Beach, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Your reference in recent issues to Desert John brought back memories of 1920 when I lived with old John in his shack six miles north of Glamis, California. That was my first experience in mining. Old John, Pete Kane, Al Nutter, Carl Dieterick and myself sank a shaft near our shack. We called it the Little Fellow Gold Mines. I have several pictures of old John, the shack, the Ford truck and the workings.

John Reichling was born in Germany and came to this country at 25 as a chemist for the Standard Oil company in New Jersey. He left the company after his sweetheart was drowned one Sunday at a resort near New York City.

After many jobs across the country John landed at Goldfield. He developed a small gold prospect and sold it for \$10,000, and then came to the Glamis country where he filed on the Irma mine, but never worked it.

One of John's old buddies told me later that he died for lack of food and water. He was on his way back to his shack and laid down to rest. And there they found his body. He was a good man.

FRANK A. KRAUSE

. . .

Campers Welcome! . . .

Casa Grande, Arizona

Dear Sir:

I have 240 acres of desert land that is patented by homesteading. And anyone is welcome to camp on the property for the winter of 1947-1948. Roads are a little rough. It is 3½ miles south of Highway 84—from Stanfield's store in Casa Grande valley. Water available at store. Has large ironwoods for shade. Adventure trips can be made into desert mountains 12 miles south. Scenery, Indian villages, fresh air, mineral prospecting, non-metallic copper specimens.

GEO. P. R. JONES

. . .

Last Territorial Governor . . .

Raton, New Mexico

Dear Desert:

In your magazine, as in other publications lately, I have seen the statement that Hon. George Curry, who died recently, was the last territorial governor of New Mexico. This is in error. The last governor of the territory was William J. Mills. I lived in the territory at the time and knew both governors well.

E. C. CRAMPTON

. . .

Job for the Bulldozer . . .

Valentine, Arizona

Dear Sir:

I see by your article in the January issue you seem to be stuck as to where the rubbish from the small towns should go in the desert.

Every county has a bulldozer and it takes only one or two hours to make a

trench big enough to dump a small town's rubbish for a year. When the hole is full the same bulldozer can cover it up and make a new one.

I agree with you, old tin cans and rubbish are an ugly sight, especially when the wild flowers are in blossom all around. I hope you'll keep after them.

ANNA B. McCAW

Even an Editor Has Problems . . .

Boston, Mass.

Dear Editor:

Please do not renew my subscription to your magazine. I am allergic to snakes,

and I always dread to open the cover of Desert because there may be a snake picture inside.

TALLMA COBSON

Let's Restore the Swastika . . .

Chapman, Kansas

Dear Editor

I once had a fine Navajo swastika ring which I gave to an Indian friend to wear during his travels, as a good luck piece. Recently I drove the southern route from California to Kansas by way of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. I stopped at many shops carrying Indian jewelry in search of another Indian swastika ring. I could not find one. They had no Indian jewelry bearing swastika designs. Several of the store owners said they didn't make them any more since Hitler used the swastika insignia.

It infuriated me to think an upstart like Hitler could cause the discontinuing of a symbol with the historical significance of the swastika.

Finally a jeweler in Raton, New Mexico, pointed across the street and said, "That big hotel for many years was called the Hotel Swastika, but during the war they changed it to the Hotel Yucca." That really burned me up, and I decided to write Desert Magazine and explain the meaning of the swastika, and protest against its discontinuance as a good luck symbol.

An un-informed Indian will tell you the swastika simply means good luck. But an old Navajo Medicine Man will tell you it is a symbol representing whirling logs and that it stands for uprightness and justice. The ends are bent to the right indicating that the cross is in motion and spinning toward the left symbolizing what

is right and just in everyday life. Hitler, unknowingly but fittingly, used the worldly swastika with the ends bent to the left and turning right, which indicated the reverse of what is right and just, or the satanic.

On the left breast of many ancient Hindu wood-carved Buddha figures is a swastika with its ends bent over toward the right. The old Druids of Ireland had the cross with a slightly different symbolic meaning. Their cross had the serpent twined around it. In allegory the serpent has always stood for knowledge, even back to the time of Adam and Eve. The meaning of the symbol of the Druids was uprightness and justice attained through knowledge.

Through ignorance on the part of the early Christians the Druids of Ireland were thought to be possessed of the devil because they had the cross with the serpent twined around it. They were called the snake people and were slaughtered and driven into the sea. Let us not, in this age of enlightenment, put aside a symbol that for many, many thousands of years has stood for the application of righteousness and justice in our every day life. Let's keep the symbol and call it good luck and, of course, if we live the symbolic meaning of the swastika we will have good luck.

On my next trip through the Southwest I want to be able to walk into a jewelry store and pick out a nice Navajo swastika ring so I can wear it as a constant reminder of the virtues for which it stands.

MALCOLM KNIGHT

Tribute to a Poet . . .

Los Angeles, California

Mr. Editor:

Please thank Marshal South for me, for his poem "Tracks of the Overland Stage" in the November issue of Desert. I own a piece of land where the old Butterfield stage road can be seen, and I got a great deal of pleasure out of this poem.

I feel the author should be praised by a greater critic than I. It is something like that which gives you the feel of this great West of ours, where the greatness of today was made possible by men and women who lived hard and worked hard.

JOHN H. RICHIE

Buzz Found the Blue Water . . .

San Francisco, California

Hi, Randall:

May I throw additional light on the blue water in the Little Colorado, mentioned in your story of our voyage through the gorge last summer:

"On Nov. 10, 1937, Buzz Holmstrom wrote in his diary at 12:00 M., 'I am at the Little Colorado—the much-anticipated junction. There is not much water but it is clear, and very blue.'"

OTIS MARSTON, Boatman

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—DESERT MAGAZINE

HERE AND THERE...on the Desert

ARIZONA

The Old West Passes . . .

PHOENIX—Cowboys, some of whom still remember the times when they shot up the town for Saturday night entertainment, are shaking their heads sadly. Phoenix chamber of commerce has demanded that the city commission do something about cowboys who clank through local hotels with their spurs on. "They are scratching up the furniture," C. E. Van Ness protested. "It's high time we learned a few city manners."

Crop Dusters Warned . . .

PHOENIX—Arizona supreme court has outlawed crop dusting without previous warning to beekeepers and other industries which might be injured. The court affirmed a superior court verdict for Park Bolton, Maricopa county beekeeper for loss of 64 stands of bees which he charged were poisoned by airplane dusting of cotton.

Saguaro Monument Developed . . .

SAGUARO NATIONAL MONUMENT—Approval of an adequate budget

for 112 miles of trails and 14 miles of roads will make Saguaro national monument more accessible to visitors, according to M. R. Tillotson, regional park director. Lawrence D. Wilde has been appointed permanent ranger at the monument, Ollie O. Barney, jr., is permanent maintenance man and Frank Stansberry, permanent packer. M. H. Frost, sr., was named temporary ranger for the winter tourist season.

Lockwood Dies . . .

TUCSON—Dr. Francis Cummins Lockwood, 83, widely-known author and lecturer on the history of the Southwest, died January 12. Dr. Lockwood joined the faculty of the University of Arizona in 1916, was acting president in 1922, later became dean of the college of liberal arts and retired in 1941. Among his best known works are *With Padre Kino on the Trail*, *The Apache Indians*, *Arizona Characters*, *Tucson*, *the Old Pueblo* and *Life in Old Tucson*.

Stewart Still Navajo Agent . . .

WINDOW ROCK—James Stewart will remain as superintendent of the Na-

vajo Indian reservation in Arizona and New Mexico, according to William E. Warne, assistant secretary in charge of Indian affairs. After recent wide-spread publicity regarding the plight of the Navajo, the Interior department announced Stewart would be transferred to the Washington office and E. R. Fryer, Navajo superintendent until 1942, would replace him. Navajo representatives, who have been learning the power of publicity, protested. Sam Akeah, chairman of the tribal council, declared Fryer had been superintend-

PRACTICAL PROSPECTING

By BARRY STORM

When ore can no longer be found "in sight" prospectors must adopt scientific methods for locating unseen mineral—electronic instruments.

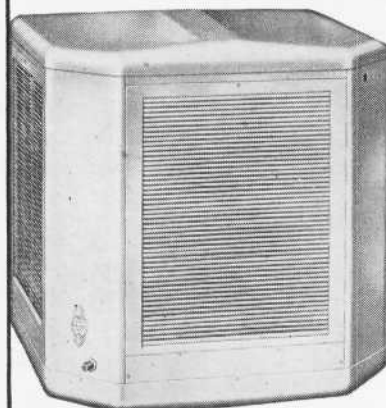
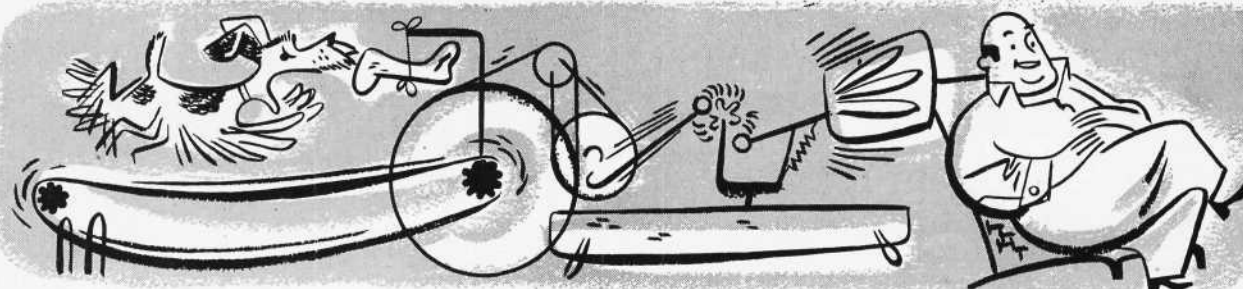
These electronic locators induce, measure and automatically record the vast differences in the physical property of electric conductivity between metal-bearing rock and barren surrounding masses, and have proved particularly valuable for locating unseen mineralized areas, high-grade shoots and pockets, hidden placer channels, and even buried treasures, if properly handled by proved use techniques.

What these use methods are, how they are utilized with inexpensive, portable instruments offering depth-finding ranges up to 250 feet, are explained in detail with photographs and charts.

"Practical Prospecting" is an invaluable pocket-size manual that should be in every prospector's kit. The price is \$1 postpaid from

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INDIAN RELICS—15 years collection of prehistoric pottery and other artifacts. Approximately 1000 pieces. Authentic, all from Northern Arizona. Detailed information upon request. Address Box EB, Desert Magazine.

CLIFF DWELLINGS, Indian Ruins, Petroglyphs photographs 3 1/2 x 5, \$1.50 or 5 x 7, \$2.50 per set of 12, postpaid, all identified. Alvin Kamp, Jackson, Missouri.

FRED AND JESSIE PORTER welcome you to the "Pow-Wow" Trading Post, Yermo, 14 mi. east of Barstow Hiway 91. Gifts, Indian Jewelry, souvenirs, rugs, lamps, etc., cutting material, cabochons, slabs, cabinet specimens. See your own cut! Free maps for rockhounds.

100 ANCIENT Indian beads \$1.50. 200 trade beads \$1.00. 10 arrowheads, fair 50c; good 75c; Vgd. \$1.25; fine \$1.75. 10 birdpoints, fair 75c; good \$1.25; Vg. \$1.75; fine \$2.50. Spear, drill, blunt and scraper (all) \$1.00. Texas Longhorns, mounted, ready to hang, 5 to 6 1/2 feet from tip to tip, hand-tooled, leather trimmed; fine for ranch, lodge, den, bar, office, and with Indian and Western collections; if interested send postage for photographs, Paul L. Summers, Stamford, Texas.

4 VERY FINE ancient Indian Arrowheads \$1.00. 4 tiny perfect bird arrowheads \$1.00. 1 Ancient Stone Tomahawk \$1.00. 2 Flint Skinning Knives \$1.00. 1 large Flint Hoe \$1.00. 2 Spearheads \$1.00. 10 Arrowheads from 10 states \$1.00. 20 Damaged Arrowheads \$1.00. 10 Fish Scales \$1.00. 10 Hide Scrapers \$1.00. 4 Perfect Saw Edged arrowheads \$1.00. The above 11 offers \$10.00 Postpaid. List free. Lear's Kirby, Arkansas.

BOOKS — MAGAZINES

SCENIC GUIDES—"The Key to Western Travel." Maps, descriptions and pictures, all alphabetically arranged for quick reference. Guides to Nevada, Northern California, Southern California, Arizona and Utah are available now. Price \$1.00 each at your Book Store or by Mail from—Scenic Guides, Box 288, Susanville, California. Write for information.

YOU'VE HEARD OF IT, but have you seen Desert Spotlight magazine, chock-full of illustrated stories and articles of desert and mountain country, mining, rockhound, pioneer stories and about folks who left crowded cities for the great open spaces and improved their health, found happiness and made their living on the desert. Send a dollar bill for six month subscription to Box 162-DM, Yucca Valley, Calif.

WESTERN BOOKS and Prints—Several hundred items including Americana, Archaeology, Indians, Natural History, Mountaineering, and Travel. Free list. M. V. Denny, 1014 Cornwell Place, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

GOLD PANNING for profit. Healthy, outdoor occupation. Beginners' big instruction book, blueprints, photograph—\$1.00. Desert Jim, 627 Lillian, Stockton, Calif.

WANTED TO BUY: Early Western manuscripts, letters, diaries, log books, maps, charts, prints, stamps, newspapers, magazines, books. John Eldean, 88 East Ashland Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.

100,000 BOOKS—Old, new, unusual books. Send wants. Hellar's, Box 2507, Los Angeles 53, Calif.

\$50.00 BUYS Desert Magazines and binders. Dec. 1937 to Dec. 1948. W. A. Goldschmidt, 629 N. Findlay Ave., Montebello, Calif.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FOR SALE—Wonder rock claims, silver, gold, lead and copper claims. Also a lease on gold property, very promising. Peter Moser, Box 176, Goldfield, Nevada.

FOR SALE—Good wholesale desert tea business. 5 acres level land. 4-room house, chicken house and yards. Fully equipped factory. Secret process for successfully cutting and curing desert tea. Truck suitable for the business. An ideal desert business. A bargain at \$4000. Rancho Del Remolino, Amboy, Calif.

GUEST RANCHES

VACATIONS ARE FUN at the Banner Queen ranch. Located on the rim of the desert—quiet, friendly, excellent food—swimming—saddle horses—trails for hikers—once the happy hunting ground of the prehistoric Cahuilla Indians. American plan—\$9.50 double, \$10.00 single. Mail address: Banner Queen Ranch, Julian, California. Phone for reservation, Julian 3-F-2. Bill and Adeline Mushet, owners and managers.

REAL ESTATE

SUNNY COVE RANCH—160 acres sheltered in majestic rocky buttes, pre-war 2-sty. home, 2000 square feet, living room 20x30 in knotty pine, 3 bedrooms, bath, all furniture, fine well, pool, large new stable, cow, Karakul sheep; an ideal secluded HOME or make high class guest ranch. Four season desert climate, elevation 3000 feet. Five miles off highway, far from fog, smog, smudge—and traffic. Price \$70,000, terms \$25,000 or more. Photos mailed to genuine interested parties. Courtesy to realtors. Write Clarke Battelle, Lucerne Valley, California.

FELLOW ROCKHOUNDS, and desert lovers. Believe it or not I will sell all or part of my 12 fertile acres near John Hilton's Desert Gem and Art Shop in California's Coachella Valley, the land of golden sunshine and dates. Water and electricity, bearing citrus, deciduous fruits, etc. Good Hiways. Cash or terms. Roy Sandberry, care Ralph Blackburn, Route 1, Box 106, Thermal, Calif.

LUCERNE VALLEY. Four season desert homesites, electricity, water-mains in, oiled roads, superb views, mile to post-office, stores. Big Ranchito parcels, from \$650, low terms. Building discount. See or write Battelle, Box 105D, Lucerne Valley, California.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED: OLD ENVELOPES with western cancellations before 1890. Also gold coins in good condition. Write: C. H. Greiner, 106 N. Sunset, Temple City, Calif.

FREE—Geologic and Scenic Color Slide Catalog. Heald-Robinson, 2202 N. Santa Anita Avenue, Altadena, California. Enclose \$1.00 for Special Offer—No. 439 Owachomo Natural Bridge; No. 1185 Devil's Tower, Wyoming; No. 1234 Yellowstone Falls.

KARAKULS. Producers of Persian Lamb fur are easy to raise and adapted to the desert which is their native home. For further information write Addis Kelley, 4637 E. 52 place, Maywood, California.

CACTI AND SUCCULENTS—From the deserts of the world. Don-Rita brand. By appointment only. Write us your needs and we will try to help you. Michael Donnelly Cacti Gardens, 334 Lowell St., Daly City, Calif.

LEARN the profitable jewelry and gold-smithing trade at home. Simplified course teaches jewelry designing, manufacture and repairing; gemsetting, etc. Gemcrafters, Dept. F., Kalispell, Mont.

PANNING GOLD—A side line hobby for Rockhounds and Desert Nomads. You should know how to pan gold, recognize gold bearing gravel and valuable quartz ledges. The places you go are where rich virgin ground is found. Send your name for new folder on panning gold, with pictures—list of mining books and equipment for prospector beginners. Old Prospector, Box 21B87, Dutch Flat, Calif.

FROM ANTELOPE VALLEY in the Mojave desert, nature's exquisitely formed beads. Early Californian priests used them to make rosaries. Make beautiful necklaces, bracelets, etc. Generous supply, enough to make two large necklaces with instructions, \$1.00 postpaid. Address Desert Novelties, 1207 Sierra Hiway, Lancaster, California.

5x7 BEAUTIFULLY COLORED photographic enlargement—\$1, made from any size negative. Fine quality work guaranteed. Color Craft Studio, Danbury, Iowa.

JAMES MEDERER, Cortland, Ohio, wishes correspondence with persons wishing to exchange minerals, from other states.

FOR SALE—Karakul wool blankets, colors, blue, green, natural, maroon, weigh at least 4 1/2 pounds. Money back guarantee. Price \$17.50. Write Addis Kelley, 4637 E. 52nd Place, Maywood, California.

13 PUREBRED KARAKUL ewes for sale or trade for real estate. Write N. Montague, Rt. 4, Versailles, Kentucky.

FOR SALE—Dodge, reconnaissance 4-wheel drive car, new paint, 8"x16" new tires. Brakes relined, bought new, good care, 22,000 miles, \$1000. Walter Hughes, Silver Springs Ranch, Fallbrook, California.

35MM COLOR ART Transparencies—Paris, Florence, Rome, Capri, Naples, Venice, Grand Canyon. Send 50c for sample and list. Globalfilms, Box 2976-C, Hollywood 28, California.

ent when the worst of the Navajo troubles started and Stewart at least was trying to help them. Navajo war veterans protested appointment of Fryer "in any official capacity over us" and wanted a voice in selection of men appointed to govern them. "Are we Americans or are we guinea pigs?" the veterans asked. Fryer requested his name be withdrawn from consideration as superintendent saying, "The Navajo must have tribal unity for the rehabilitation program that has been contemplated."

Pioneer Miner Passes . . .

BISBEE—John Gleeson, 86, Arizona pioneer for whom the town of Gleeson was named, died in January in the Copper Queen hospital. Gleeson was at Tombstone in the early days, and prospected most of the Southwest and northern Mexico. When he operated rich isolated claims at Hachitas, New Mexico, he took his family underground when he worked, to protect them from roving Apaches. His wife knitted by candlelight and his children played along the drifts of the diggings. He operated large ranches in Graham, Greenlee and Cochise counties and later became a banker. When his bank failed during the depression, Gleeson personally paid every claim.

John Nelson, 79, who was said to be the last territorial sheriff of Arizona and the first sheriff of the state of Arizona, died in Tucson, December 24.

The U. S. bureau of reclamation has let a contract which will assure completion of the Parker Dam-Yuma power transmission line by July, 1949. The contract provides for extension of the line from Vidal.

Work on construction of 245 miles of fence on the border between Douglas, Arizona and Agua Prieta, Sonora, Mexico, was expected to start about February 1. Ranchers have asked the seven to eight foot barricade to stop border crossings by stray animals.

Secretary of the Interior Krug has ruled the proposed \$7,500,000 Snowflake irrigation project, south of Holbrook in Navajo county, is feasible but should not be built at this time. Further development in the area at present would not be economically practicable, he said.

Gun Smoke, a history of Tombstone, Arizona, by Sarah Grace Bakarich, was released for sale during the town's Helldorado days. The booklet, which sells for \$1, is said to be based on diaries and actual account of events as told to the author by people who were there. It tells the story of some of the camps which surrounded Tombstone, and of the ranchers of the area in addition to such items as the Earp-Clanton war.

CALIFORNIA

Railroad Completed . . .

CALEXICO—Through service on the newly completed Mexico City-Mexicali railroad is expected to start in April or May. Railway and federal officials predict the new transportation facilities will make Calexico the biggest and most important port of entry on the Mexican border within five years. Mexican officials say Mexicali's population, now estimated at 65,000, will double within the same period. The road, finished January 5 with the closing of the 220 mile Punta Penasco-Caborca link, offers through connections with Los Angeles.

Scotty's Partner Dies . . .

DEATH VALLEY—Albert M. Johnson, 75, partner of Death Valley Scotty, died in Hollywood January 8. His entire estate was left to the Gospel Foundation of California and it was revealed the fabulous Death Valley Castle in Grapevine canyon had been given to the foundation while Johnson was alive. For years it was believed the \$2,000,000 castle had been built with gold from Scotty's hidden mine. But in 1941, when a former partner sued him, Scotty declared he had no mine and that for 30 years Johnson had been paying his bills. "He's paid me back in laughs," Johnson said. The strange part-

DEATH VALLEY! . . .

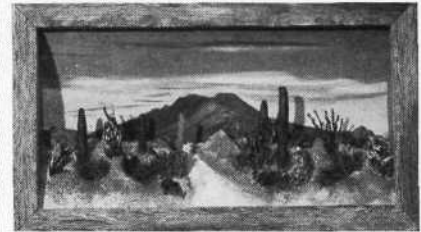
Enjoy this fabulous wonderland with its ideal winter climate, at . . .

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Friendly, comfortable, moderately priced, with really good food. Readily reached by fine roads from all directions. Horseback riding. Landing strip for light planes.

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. . . take the thrilling trip on mule back down Rainbow Trail 'mid colorful scenes so vivid no artist could portray . . . to the most spectacular of all national monuments . . . RAINBOW BRIDGE. Rest at picturesque RAINBOW LODGE, backed by the breathtaking span of Navajo Mountain . . . where comfortable lodging, excellent food and hospitality are, as before, directed by Bill and Mrs. Wilson.

Open April 1 to November 15

WRITE BILL WILSON, TONALEA, ARIZONA, FOR RATES
AND A BROCHURE DESCRIBING "THE RAINBOW"

nership between the Chicago business and insurance executive and the extrovert desert prospector is said to have been formed after Scotty helped Johnson regain his health on the desert. Spokesmen for the religious foundation announced Scotty would continue to reside in a bungalow near the Castle and would enjoy the same privileges he did while Johnson was alive. The Castle will be operated as in past

years. Visitors will be shown through the building and 15 to 20 guests will be able to obtain nightly accommodations there.

It's China Lake Now . . .

INYOKERN—Residents of the Naval Ordnance test station near here no longer will have their mail addressed to NOTS, Inyokern. The station has been renamed NOTS, China Lake, and the new post office of China Lake opened there on January 16, with Albert Specht as acting postmaster. China Lake is the name of the dry desert lake in the area where the station was built.

Rock Hunter Lost . . .

BLYTHE—Karl F. Ambbs, 63, left the geode beds southwest of Wiley's well a day before the rest of the group with which he had come. He made a wrong turn after dark, headed southwest along the sandy road toward Niland, and his car became stuck in a wash. He stayed with the car two nights and a day without seeing anyone, then started to walk out. Worried

friends contacted the Blythe sheriff's station and an air and land search started. Ambbs was spotted by Pilot Bud Everhart and Observer Walter D. Scott at 9 a. m., walking eastward 10 miles from his stalled car, and Everhart set the plane down near him. Ambbs greeted the flyer: "You're the best friend I ever had." Ambbs still had water but he was hungry. A truck pulled his car out of the wash and the rock hunter was started on his way home.

Study Indian George's Ranch . . .

TRONA—Officials from Carson Indian agency at Stewart, Nevada, have visited Warm Springs ranch in Panamint valley to study eventual disposition of the property. The 560 acre ranch, made a reservation in 1928, was the home of Indian George Hansen (*Desert*, February 1940) until his death in 1944 at the age of 107. When George's son Mike died in February, 1947, the rest of the family moved away and Indian officials are considering leasing the ranch.

Strike Water at Stove Pipe . . .

DEATH VALLEY—What is said to be the first rotary-drilled well in Death Valley struck good water at 200 feet, according to officials of Stove Pipe Wells hotel, on whose property the drilling was done. Current flow is 57,000 gallons a day with the water apparently originating on the slopes of the Panamint mountains. The slight salty taste of the first flow is decreasing, but owners say that a purification process may be desirable before water is used for drinking purposes. The water supply is said to be ample for any desired enlargement of hotel facilities.

Death Valley Road Starts . . .

TRONA—A highways division work party is staking out the first five mile section of the new Trona-Death Valley road over the Slate range crossing. The present one-lane road over the mountains will be straightened and widened and grades, now reaching 20 per cent, will be held to a maximum of 8 per cent. The new paved highway is a \$285,000 federal aid project.

Construction of the Morelos dam near the mouth of the Colorado river will begin this year, according to Adolfo Orive De Alba, secretary of hydraulic resources of the Mexican government.

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Scenic Views — Flowers — National Parks
Now, through the WEST-VIEW COLOR SLIDE CLUB, you can select the Kodachrome slides you would like to own after viewing or projecting them in your own home. Membership in the Club is FREE and involves no obligation other than returning those slides not wanted. No minimum purchase required.

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Write to West-View, Dept D1, 1523 Montana Ave., Santa Monica, California, for complete information.

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The magic of ELECTRICITY glorifies your home—lights it with the brightness of peace and prosperity—keeps it clean—warms it—for the housewife WHO DESERVES THE BEST IN COMFORT.

And in the packing sheds, in the mills, and on the farms of Imperial Valley, more men have jobs because ELECTRICITY distributed by IMPERIAL IRRIGATION DISTRICT is furnishing power for new machinery, new appliances, and new conveniences.

INCREASED POWER MEANS BETTER COMMUNITY LIFE That is why, by continuing improvements, and advanced power facilities, Imperial Irrigation District is striving to render better and better service to its customers.



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SLEEPING BAGS
AIR MATTRESSES
SMALL TENTS
and many other items

VAN DEGRIFT'S HIKE HUT

717 West 7th Street
LOS ANGELES 14, CALIFORNIA

California Date Growers association has mailed to its members a final accounting on the 7,000,000-pound 1946-47 date crop. Earnings were over 11 cents a pound on the total pack with a gross income of \$1100 per acre.

• • •

Experiments in planting small trout from the air near Leevining have shown that 99 per cent of the fish suffered no ill effects from being dropped 400-500 feet through a special planting chute. Fish also were dropped in cardboard ice cream cartons with small paper parachutes.

• • •

NEVADA

Nevada's Driest Year . . .

RENO—Weather bureau officials reported 1947 was western Nevada's driest year in the 77 years records have been kept officially. For 12 months ending December 31, only 1.55 inches of rain were recorded which, it was stated, made Reno one of the driest places on earth. Bureau officials said unless there is a record rain and snow fall during the remaining winter months, western Nevada will face the most severe drouth in history next summer.

Mine for Museum . . .

CARSON CITY—A life-size facsimile of a Nevada mine and mining operations will be constructed in the basement of the Nevada state museum in Carson City. J. E. Green, director of the museum, has been accompanying Art Bernard, state mine inspector on a tour of Nevada mining properties. Green is taking color pictures and assembling data for the museum project which is scheduled for completion by January, 1949.

He Fought for Pioneer . . .

BEATTY—James R. Bryan, 78, old-time miner whose last years were spent in an effort to reactivate the near-by ghost camp of Pioneer, died in Las Vegas late in December. Bryan was the last inhabitant of the camp which had a population of 3000 about 40 years ago.

Record Anniversary . . .

PIOCHE—The *Pioche Record*, Lincoln county's first newspaper, celebrated its 78th anniversary January 8, 1948. The *Record* was founded in 1870, and was a hand-set, hand printed daily during the days when Pioche, Bristol and Bullionville were roaring bonanza towns and Pioche had the reputation of being the wildest camp in the West.

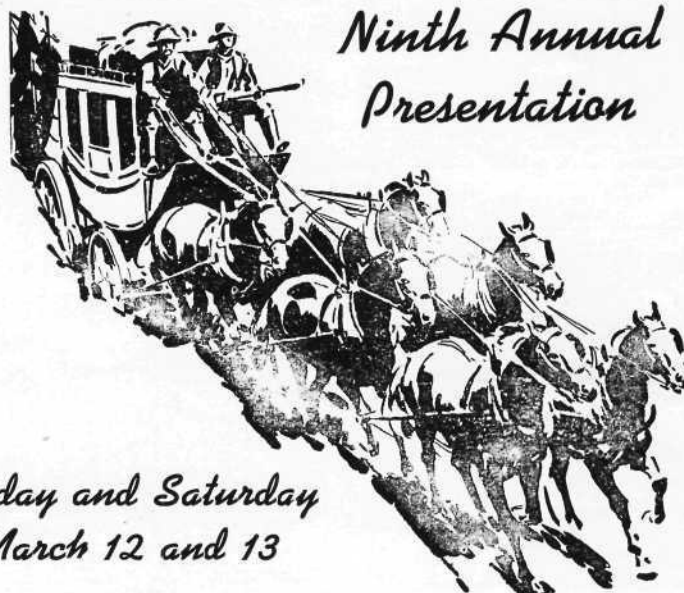
• • •

The Shurtliff brothers of Moapa valley, southern Nevada, shipped 7,000,000 tomato transplants to tomato growing states as far east as Indiana and Ohio during 1947.

Shoshones Hungry Too . . .

BATTLE MOUNTAIN—Corbin Harney, member of the Too-Toaina Shoshone band asks the government for help because "we are unable to make ends meet with the cost of living going up all the time." Harney says the whites have ignored terms of a treaty which great chief

Too-Toaina made with Nevada territorial government in 1863. In return for a guarantee that whites could pass safely through the country, the treaty granted the tribe certain exclusive rights to the fish, game, water and camping sites in the Ruby mountain area of Elko county. "Give us our claims, water rights, our timber, our



Ninth Annual Presentation

Friday and Saturday
March 12 and 13

Desert Cavalcade

Under the desert skies of Cavalcade stadium you will witness—

- Historic trek of the gallant Captain Juan Bautista de Anza from Tubac to Monterey in 1774-76
- March of Kearny's army and the Mormon Battalion
- Gold rush to California
- Butterfield stage lines and desert freighters.
- Reclamation of Imperial Valley and the coming of the first settlers—and the disaster that threatened when the Colorado river ran wild in 1905-6-7.

The Cavalcade festivities start Thursday, March 11, with the international Cavalcade dinner and Parade of the School Children.

Friday, the 12th, is Mexicali day, with the Cavalcade pageant at 8:00 in the evening.

Saturday, the 13th, the Big Parade will occupy the afternoon, with a second showing of Cavalcade Pageant at 8:00 in the evening.

DESERT CAVALCADE is truly an international pageant, with a brilliant cast of Musicians and Dancers from both sides of the border participating. You'll be thrilled and deeply moved by the artistry and realism of this gorgeous spectacle.

Calexico Winter Festival Association

INVITES YOU!

For seat reservations write to
Desert Cavalcade, Calexico, California

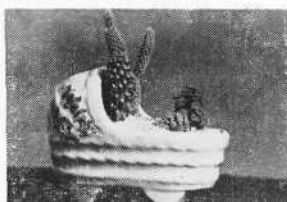
right to camp, hunt or fish anywhere or any time," Harney requests, "and also exemption from taxes as the whites use that law against us."

Import Shepherders . . .

RENO—Karl V. King, representing the Eastern Nevada Sheep Growers association and the Southern Idaho Sheep Growers association, has left for Europe to arrange transportation to this country for 158 French and Spanish Basques. Importation of the Basques to serve as shepherders in Nevada and Utah has been authorized by the U. S. government. The number of sheep in western United States is at the lowest level since 1926 and the decrease was said to be partly due to lack of herders.

PERFECT!

For that little shelf. This lovable white cradle with pink and blue hand painted flowers AND 4 Dainty Desert Jewel Plants to set off this unusual ceramic.



\$1.30 p.p.

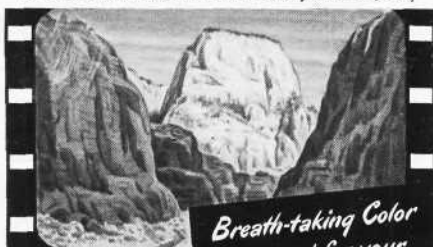
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Mail to Lt. Comdr. CLIFFORD J. LISHMAN,
U. S. N. (Ret.), P. O. Box 132, La Jolla, California

No births have been recorded in Esmeralda county for the past two years, but the *Goldfield News* hastens to explain the situation. There is no landing field for the stork in the county, the *News* says, and newcomers must arrive in Tonopah or other foreign parts, then shuttle over to meet their parents.

NEW MEXICO

Study Navajo Veterans . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—Preliminary study of 13 Ramah Navajo war veterans indicates they tend to build log or pine slab houses instead of hogans, Evon Z. Vogt, jr., young anthropologist reared in the Navajo country told the convention of the American Anthropological society meeting here in December. The veterans also are planning to use GI loans to buy tractors which they will operate cooperatively on adjacent fields. Vogt found the veterans believe English should be learned by all Navajo, but they still speak Navajo among themselves and many wish to learn to write their own language as well as English.

Man Came from Mexico? . . .

SANTA FE—Discoveries pointing toward Mexico as a cradle of early man in America have been reported by Dr. Helmut De Terra. Dr. De Terra is codiscoverer of a skeleton at Tepexpan which is considered best evidence so far of the existence of humans on the North American continent 10,000 to 15,000 years ago. Dr. De Terra declared he had checked the discovery site geologically to 8000 B. C., and the skeleton was taken from a level below the stratum of that date.

Navajo Help . . .

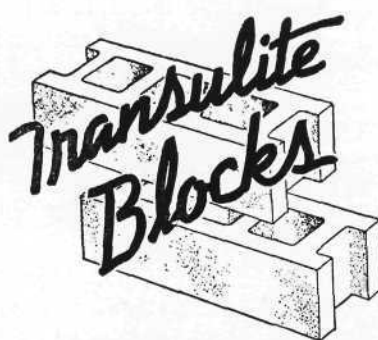
GALLUP—Nation-wide response followed reports of the plight of the Navajo in New Mexico and Arizona, reports Bert Pousma, managing director of Navajo Assistance, Inc. Contributions came from 43 states, Hawaii, Alaska, Colombia, Venezuela and Paris, France. Several donations came from ships at sea. Gifts of \$13,903 in cash and 271 truck loads of food and clothing were received and distributed for Navajo relief.

"Symphony in Mud" . . .

SANTA FE—Cristo Rey church in Santa Fe, constructed in 1940 with native labor as a memorial of the 400th anniversary of the arrival of Coronado in the area, is declared to be the largest adobe structure in the Southwest. The building, erected under supervision of Archbishop Gerken, is 360 feet in length and required 180,000 hand-made adobe bricks. Native timber was used for the massive ceiling beams, some of which weigh 2500 pounds. The carved stone altarpiece, weighing 225 tons, is one reportedly given to the Catholic church by Captain-General del Valle in 1761.

Indians Like Planes . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—Civil Air Patrol planes searching for two fliers lost over western New Mexico had their task complicated by Indians who discovered a flashing mirror directed toward a searching plane would bring several to circle the area. A ground party reached the place where the patrol believed the missing men had been sighted and found an Indian hogan. As the planes resumed their search other Indians began flashing mirrors.



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CINDER BLOCKS
DIACRETE BLOCKS**

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Imperial, February 28 to March 7, Incl.

DESERT DESIGNED . . .

for maximum insulation and light weight. Precision built, accurately square. In natural colors for any background or architectural design. For commercial and residential construction, garden walls, fireplaces, barbecues—adaptable for Class "A" construction.

Immediate delivery anywhere on the desert. For descriptive literature write—

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Roy Keech, poet of Santa Fe, died in the Albuquerque veterans hospital, January 11. Among his published works are *Pagans Praying* and *Poems of New Mexico*.

Mr. and Mrs. John Simm have sold their Crownpoint trading post to Donald Walker. The Simms were at Crownpoint 23 years.

Teshkwe, the Zuni season of prayer lasting four days or more, began December 27. During the prayer period the trading stores were closed, since no money transactions were permitted. There were no outdoor fires in the baking ovens and no cars were operated.

UTAH

Problem Deer . . .

LOA—Bambi, who was a tiny spotted fawn when found by hunters nearly two years ago, is getting too big for Loa. Bambi and his pal, a black and white mongrel pup, have had the run of the town and are the friends of every child there. But the housewives say Bambi must go. He has nibbled their prized shrubs out of two and three years growth and has demonstrated that no fence can be built high enough to keep him out.

Contented Steer . . .

OREM—With the high price of beefsteak, it was no small matter when a young steer belonging to E. T. Patten disappeared. Patten demanded that law enforcement officers catch the thief. Officers were about to give up when Patten called off the search. He found the steer in his own root cellar, where it had fallen through the roof a few days before. The steer was contentedly munching carrots and potatoes.

TRUE OR FALSE ANSWERS

Questions are on page 20

- 1—True.
- 2—False. An arrastra was used to grind ore.
- 3—True.
- 4—False. The present Salton Sea was not filled until 1905-6-7.
- 5—False. Searchlight is a mining camp.
- 6—True.
- 7—False. Quartz is harder than calcite.
- 8—False. Havasupai village is reached only by a rugged trail.
- 9—False. Scotty's Castle was built by the late Albert M. Johnson.
- 10—True. 11—True. 12—True. 13—True.
- 14—False. The date industry in the Southwest was started with offshoots imported from North Africa and Arabia.
- 15—False. Brigham Young led the first Mormon trek to Utah.
- 16—True. 17—True.
- 18—False. The vinegaroon is a whip scorpion.
- 19—False. Chimayo of weaving fame is in New Mexico.
- 20—True.

Floyd Almost Gone . . .

FAIRFIELD—If Utah wants to preserve any of original Camp Floyd in the proposed state park, it must act quickly. Reportedly only one building remains—the old frame commissary—and it is being dismantled by surrounding residents, with the roof already gone. Foundation stones of the camp arsenal still can be seen and there is a graveyard and a few mounds of adobe where barracks once stood. The camp and town once had a population of 3000 soldiers and 4000 civilians, making it the third largest community in the state, with about 250 buildings and huts. The camp was abandoned in 1861.

Cloud Fights Continue . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Nature intended snow in clouds passing over Nevada to fall on Alta in the Wasatch mountains, Gus P. Bakerman of the Salt Lake chamber of commerce said, warning Reno that it "must stop milking Utah clouds." E. H.



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Imperial Valley has grown nearly \$100,000,000 in agricultural products during the past year on land that once was regarded as a drab worthless desert.

If you would understand the miracle that has taken place—if you would know the fertility of desert soil when it is served with water—come to Imperial Valley during the crisp sunshiny days of the annual mid-winter fair—February 28 to March 7, inclusive—and visit the exhibit buildings where endless displays of fruit, vegetables and field crops will be shown, and the coops and stalls will be filled with blue ribbon poultry and livestock.

There will be horse-racing and other entertainment, but the Mid-Winter Fair is not just a carnival for your entertainment. It is a mammoth exhibit of the green and yellow gold that comes from the soil during the winter months when much of the United States is shivering in near-zero temperatures.

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The rockhound fraternity of Imperial county will have a colorful array of minerals and semi-precious stones found in this desert area.

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Accommodations are available in El Centro, Brawley, Calexico, Imperial and other nearby Valley towns.

Walker of the Reno chamber, which tried vainly to coax snow from the clouds with dry ice for a proposed ski meet, responded by air-expressing a 12-inch snowball packed in dry ice. "With deepest sympathy and regret," he explained that was Utah's share of the snow—at least for the present. Flagstaff, Arizona, joined in to offer Reno its Sno-Bowl facilities, inviting Nevada skiing fans to Arizona for plenty of snow and "a real treat."

Utah Pioneer Contest . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—To collect and preserve local history, the Sons of Utah Pioneers have inaugurated a pioneer short

story contest open to all Utah youths under 18. The contest will close April 1, local winners will be announced May 1, and five state winners June 1. Narratives must be limited to 1500 words and must be certified as authentic. Contestants are to interview pioneers and write of their experiences. Camps of the Sons of Utah Pioneers will select local winners. Entry blanks can be obtained from the society or local schools.

Theatre Replica Planned . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—University of Utah plans to construct on its campus a replica of the famous old Salt Lake theatre. An appeal will be made for relics of the old theatre to use in the new, which will be the center for dramatic art at the university. Completion of the structure is planned for 1950, centennial of the university. The old theatre was dedicated in March, 1862 and for many years was the finest playhouse between Chicago and the Pacific coast, staging performances by the world's greatest actors and actresses. It was torn down in 1928.

Bridge for the Colorado . . .

HITE—The Colorado river, temperamental obstacle to tourist enjoyment of eastern Utah wonderlands, may be conquered by 1949 with a 485-foot automobile bridge eight miles above Hite. The site, between massive sandstone walls at the mouth of the Dirty Devil river, is declared by Arthur L. Crawford of the state department of publicity and industrial development, to be the best in 300 miles between Green river and Lee's Ferry. The auto ferry across the river at Hite, opened in 1946, was sunk by high water in October, 1947.

. . .

Seventy-five Salt Lake senior Boy Scouts were to make a three-day 36-mile trek on snowshoes late in December, following the Mormon trail from Henifer to This Is the Place monument at the mouth of Emigration canyon.

. . .

Alfred Clair Westover, 69, believed to be the first white child born in Uintah valley, died December 18.

. . .

Alfred Tuft, 93, veteran of the Black Hawk Indian wars died at Gunnison January 20. Tufts crossed the plains by ox team with his parents who settled in the Gunnison valley when he was 10.

Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley



"Sand an' wind! Most people hates 'em, 'specially when they're pardners," said Hard Rock Shorty. He lit his pipe and stared dreamily through the store window, where a Mojave zephyr had brought visibility zero to Inferno.

"But yuh c'n turn most anything to account if yuh survey all angles," he went on. "Now take that country where I prospected fer about 20 months one year. Worst dawgone wind I ever saw. Hold pertaters an' onions up in the air an' the hides was sand-blasted off quick as a whistle. No dishwashin' either. Just set the dishes outside and they got dry-cleaned and polished instant.

"But the amazin' thing wuz what that sand did to bullets. I'm a mighty fair marksman, but first time I done a little target practice out there, I got plumb dejected. Couldn't hit them targets at all, an' they wuz only half a mile away. I just knew it couldn't be my shootin', but they wuz somethin' mighty strange goin' on. Wuzn't a very strong wind—'bout 90 miles an hour—but I got to figgerin' maybe that wind wuz blowin' the bullets off course more than I c'd correct for. When I moved closer, I found what the matter wuz. That durned sand wuz grindin' them bullets clean to nothin' before they could reach the target.

"Well, sir, that phce-nomenon wuz mighty useful to me. I'd been wantin' to board up a shack but I wuz clean outta nails. So I used bullets instead. 'Course I had to calculate just how far it took to grind bullets down to nail size an' I had to figger the speed of the bullets an' the resistance of the boards so's to set the nails just deep enough. But that didn't take me long.

"Then I sat down and fired bullets at them boards, aimin' where the nails should go. That shack wuz nailed up sweet an' neat in no time. She wuz strong, too. The boards finally wore away an' disappeared. But them bullet-nails is still there, right where I shot them."

COUNTY MAPS

CALIF.: Showing—Twnshp, Rng, Sec, Mines, Roads, Trails, Creeks, Rivers, Lake, RR, School, Rngr Sta, Elev, Canals, Ntl Forest, Pwr Lines, Boundaries, etc.

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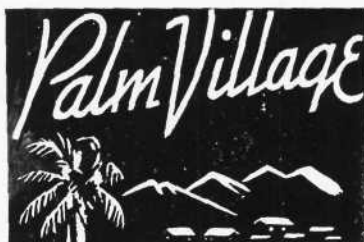
Tuolumne, Santa Barbara, Plumas, Placer, Modoc, Madera—\$1.50. Tulare, Tehama, Siskiyou, Imperial—\$2.00. San Diego, Riverside, Mendocino, Kern, Humboldt, Fresno—\$2.50. Trinity, Shasta, Mono, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Lassen—\$3.00. Inyo county, 67x92, \$15.00.

San Bernardino, 73x110—\$15.00. No. or So. 1/2—\$7.50. NW, SW, NE, or SE—1/4—\$3.75 ea.

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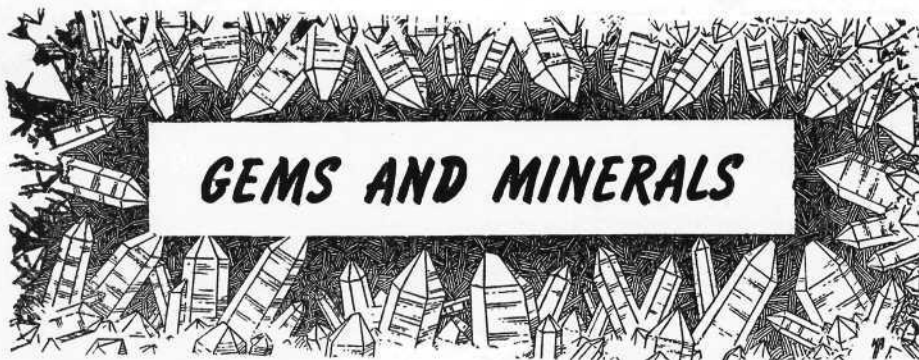
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GEMS AND MINERALS

DESERT GEM AND MINERAL SHOW, INDIO, MARCH 5-7

The Desert Gem and Mineral show, sponsored by the mineral societies of Indio, Banning and Blythe, California, will be held in a large building at the Riverside county fair grounds, Indio, March 5-7, 1948. Sponsoring groups are the Coachella Valley Mineral society of Indio, San Geronio Gem and Mineral society of Banning and the Desert Gem and Mineral society of Blythe. The show is planned primarily for collectors and the organizational committee is working to obtain exhibits from all parts of the state. Only six commercial dealers will be present, and those by invitation, according to Mrs. Victoria Vogel, publicity chairman. Jack Frost, Indio, is chairman of the show.

Lapidary equipment will be shown in operation at the exhibit, and stones will be cut for those who buy uncut specimens. There will be grab bags at various prices, all containing worthwhile specimens, auctions, and tables for trading only. There is no entry fee for exhibitors and ribbons will be awarded in 15 classes. Special police will guard the collections during the show.

Visitors will be able to secure coffee, sandwiches and hot dogs at the snack bar, and musical entertainment is planned. This is the first combined exhibit by the three societies, but the Blythe group has sponsored annual shows attracting wide attention among rock collectors.

ALASKAN PROSPECTORS CLUB ELECTS 1948 OFFICERS

The Alaskan Prospectors society held the last regular weekly meeting of 1947 on December 17 in Studio A, Radio Station WVUG, Fort Richardson, Anchorage, Alaska. Officers for the first quarter of 1948 were elected. Captain (Nugget) Noon is president; William Young, vice-president; Mrs. Abbott, secretary; S/Sgt. Thornton, mining and claims project chairman; Mr. Gaasland, chairman, lapidary (jade) committee; M/Sgt. Lee (Hardrock) Elmore, press representative and photographer; Eleanor Johnston, Thelma Wheeler, Mrs. Loma Underwood, R. C. Hack and M/Sgt. Elmore, planning board.

The Alaskan society is open to military and war department workers, there are no fees or dues, and visitors are welcome. Members planned to take a lapidary course at the University of Alaska each winter. During the summer field trips were made to Fossil beds, Eureka, Matanuska glacier, Sheep mountain, Independence mine, Bodenbergs butte, Eklutna flats, Thunderbird flats, Eklutna lake, Eagle river and Jade mountain. The society issued a Christmas card with a map of Alaska, showing the localities of their field trips.

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SELECT BUSINESS MANAGER FOR CALIFORNIA CONVENTION

Bob Schriever has been appointed business manager of the 1948 convention and show of the California Federation of Mineralogical societies, to be held in Long Beach municipal auditorium, July 16-18, and Lowell Gordon will be his assistant. Chairman of the show is Roy Wagoner, new president of the Long Beach Mineralogical society, which will be convention host. January meeting of the Long Beach group was to feature a talk on garnets by Charles Knowlton, who planned to exhibit his garnet collection. It was announced that Roy Wagoner and Joe White had staked a claim in the name of the club on a new geode bed they discovered in the Chocolate mountains. The claim is to be held for the benefit of all rock collectors.



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MONTANA MOSS AGATE of especially good cutting quality, 50c per lb. in lots of 100 pounds or more; 75c lb. in smaller lots; less than 10 lb. lots, \$1.00 lb. Postage extra on all above prices. F. E. Rankin, Route 1, Box 131A, Oroville, California.

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COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN CHOSEN FOR NATIONAL CONVENTION

Committee chairman for the first national convention of the American Federation of Mineralogical societies, to be held in the Shirley Savoy hotel, Denver, Colorado, June 13-16, are being appointed by convention Chairman Richard M. Pearl. Ress Philips heads the non-commercial display committee; Minor F. Wasson, dealers' exhibits; Guy Ellermeier, field trips; C. J. Pease, local tours; Mrs. James B. Greenfield, housing; Mrs. Harold T. Hofer, registration; Mary Elizabeth Burwell, favors; Paul Harrison, banquet; Harmon S. Meissner, junior members.

Since the convention is a national one, club exhibits rather than individual ones will be shown, unless the individual collection is sponsored by a society as its own exhibit or entered on a commercial basis. Display space will be divided equitably between commercial and non-commercial exhibitors. Detailed information will be mailed soon to all societies and dealers and the show chairman requests that no individual inquiries be made until such information can be prepared.

STORY OF PALA PEGMATITES TOLD TO PACIFIC SOCIETY

Dr. Richard Jahns, associate professor of geology at California Institute of Technology discussed "Pegmatites of the Pala District" at the January meeting of the Pacific Mineral Society, Inc., of Los Angeles. Dr. Jahns has spent the past two years doing extensive work on the pegmatites of California and especially of the Pala region.

The gem localities in San Diego county were discovered about 75 years ago, he said, when a rancher while deer hunting near Pala found a pink pencil-like crystal. It was pretty and he took it home. Several years later a friend visiting him identified the crystal as a tourmaline of the type he had dug and collected near his home in Maine. The rancher returned to the scene of his find, located a four-foot layer of rock containing the same crystals, and filed a claim. The discovery and most of those which followed were on Indian land, but regulations permitted the staking of private claims. Many more pegmatite ledges were developed near Pala, and later Mesa Grande was opened up. This turned out to be an enormous producer of tourmaline, one shipment of gems amounting to 13 tons.

Most of the tourmaline mined in San Diego county went to China where, until the revolution, the stone was extremely popular. Loss of the Chinese market, with the revolution, caused a great price drop and closed most of the mines. Pala was the first place where gem spodumene—both colorless stone and lilac kunzite—was

OREGON PLUME AGATE: Superb gem material from Central Oregon sage lands near scenic Bend. Latest find of red, black, yellow and mixed shades of plume agate. Does not undercut and takes a high polish. (From same vein as the famous 187 lb. chunk that sold for \$1000 at the N. W. Federation convention at Boise, 1946) 50c to \$2.00 per sq. in. and every inch a gem. \$5.00 per lb. for small rough chunks. Also moss agate in fine coloring and quality, \$1.25 to \$3.00 per lb.; include postage. Approval selection on request, with references and \$5.00 deposit. Slabs postpaid. C. G. Springer, 862 Roosevelt Ave., Bend, Oregon.

GOLD-SILVER ORE from the famous Comstock Lode. Rich sulphide ore from site of original discovery. 50c, \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$5.00 each, postpaid. Richness and size determine price. Dan's Rock Shop, Virginia City, Nevada.

found and it still is one of the few known localities. January field trip of the society was to Pala.

SAN JOSE SOCIETY COMPLETES APRIL GEM SHOW PLANS

The general show committee of the San Jose Lapidary society completed plans at the December meeting for the club's gem show to be held April 24-25. Classes in which members may exhibit are: cabochons, flats, cameos, novelties, faceted stones, transparencies, jewelry, jewelry made by those with less than two years experience, lapidary work done by those with less than two years experience, fluorescent minerals.

Two or more exhibits are necessary to enter competition in any class. Judging will be done on work completed since the club's last show. The fluorescent minerals will be displayed in bins three feet wide and four deep. A large vertical display case for transparencies, with a sheet of glass for each exhibitor, will be furnished. Nothing that does not pertain to lapidary work or allied crafts will be exhibited, and there will be no buying or selling or soliciting of business in any way on the premises. Every active club member is expected to enter a display, even if he does not care to compete for prizes.

San Geronimo Gem and Mineral society of Banning elected officers for 1948 at the December 17 meeting. James Adrian is president; Stanton Bretschneider, vice-president; Mrs. Paul Lockwood, secretary-treasurer; Albert F. Showman, publicity. The club plans forming a class in jewelry making, and those interested were invited to contact President Adrian at the post office. Plans were formulated for participating with the Indio and Blythe societies in the Desert Gem and Mineral show, to be held at Indio March 5-7.

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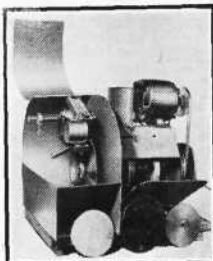
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ROCK HUNTERS

Sixty members and friends attended the annual pot-luck dinner of the Kern County Mineral society of Bakersfield, California, held in December. Announcement was made that Mr. Blanchard would take pictures of choice specimens members brought to the January meeting. The society meets in the salesroom of the Coca-Cola bottling company, 414 19th Street, Bakersfield, on the second Monday of each month. Visitors are welcome.

Chip Murdock was elected president of the Junior Rockhounds of Prescott at a meeting Friday, January 16, at the club's headquarters, 331 Park avenue. Edward Pape, is vice-president; Anne Pessin, secretary; John Butcher, treasurer. Those elected will hold office for six months. Bobby Brock won the door prize at the meeting and Nancy Merwin the quiz prize.

Speaking on "The Historical Origins of Geology" before the Santa Monica Gemological society January 7, Past-president Vern Cadieux stressed the fact that because man's environment conditions his thinking, the early Babylonians became astronomers and the first geologists were found among the mountains and waterways of Greece. Mrs. Doris Baur announced that the club's billboard committee was continuing its campaign against unsightly billboards along scenic California highways. The Santa Monica club planned a January field trip to Kramer in search of petrified palm and jasper.

A rock contest and exhibit was held at the January meeting of the Texas Mineral society of Dallas. Ribbons were awarded to the following: crystals—first, Mrs. Hattie Churchill; second, Mr. Carpenter; third, B. Salas. General—first, J. D. Churchill; second, Wm. LaDew; third, Mrs. Gilmore. Fluorescence—first, J. D. Churchill; second, B. Salas. Slab agate—first, Dr. V. Bryant; second, R. C. McIver; third, J. D. Churchill. Cabochons—first, Wm. LaDew; second, J. D. Churchill. Judges were Dr. Arthur Richards, Southern Methodist university; Dr. Jack Boon, North Texas Agricultural college; Roy Yeager and John B. Litsey.

At the January meeting of the Orange Belt Mineralogical society, short talks were given by Kenneth Garner on the origin, choice and adoption of the society emblem, the staurolite or fairy cross, and by Mr. Ells on the presentation of the gavel used by the presiding officer. Mr. Gros then took the society on a conducted tour through the geology building where members watched a class cutting and polishing stones.

Mr. Stamp, new president of the San Fernando Valley Mineral and Gem society opened the January 7 meeting at the Sepulveda Women's club with a new gavel fashioned by A. F. Crane from material several million years old. Mrs. Jesse Chittenden, teacher of arts and jewelry at Pasadena college gave a lecture telling, step by step, how jewelry is made. She displayed samples of the different stages and tools used. Club classes in jewelry and lapidary for 1948 are getting under way. The field trip, January 18, was to Horse canyon.

G. Haven Bishop was to give a Kodachrome-illustrated lecture on South America at the January 26 meeting of the Southwest Mineralogists, with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hake as host and hostess. The club held its annual Christmas party at the December 22 meeting. January field trip was to Last Chance canyon on the Mojave desert.

IMPERIAL VALLEY CLUBS PLAN EXHIBIT AT MID-WINTER FAIR

Imperial Valley Gem and Mineral society and Imperial Valley Lapidary guild will give a joint gem and mineral show at the California Mid-winter fair, to be held February 28-March 7, at Imperial fair grounds. The exhibit will be held upstairs in the northwest corner of the grandstand building, and will be the only show given by the groups this spring. There will be a small fluorescent exhibit. Specimens at the show must come from Imperial county and cash prizes will be awarded under the state fair and exposition fund.

George Moore, member of both groups, is show chairman and Sam Robinson, Lloyd Richardson, Walter Gatlin, Leon Miller and Louise Eaton are committee members. The local fair board is furnishing eight jeweler's cases for the exhibit.

Asbestos, Quebec, about 70 miles northwest of Montreal, has the largest asbestos mine in the world, producing 300,000 tons in 1947. It has been estimated that there is enough ore to keep the mine working 100 years.

Officers of the Mother Lode Mineral society, Modesto, California, were to be elected at the January meeting. December meeting was the annual Christmas dinner, with 80 members and guests attending. Bob Deidrick of the East Bay society spoke on "Minerals of California."

Monterey Bay Mineral society planned its first annual show February 28-29 in the Y. M. C. A. building in Salinas, California.

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UTAH GEM COLLECTORS HOLD ANNUAL COMPETITION

Annual show of the Gem Stone Collectors of Utah was held at the home of H. J. VanderVeer in Salt Lake City on December 19, and an estimated \$5000 worth of gems were exhibited. Prof. Junius J. Hayes and A. M. Buranek were judges and first prize went to Dr. B. D. Bennion, second prize to C. L. Pettit, and third prize to George Johnson. Stones included garnet, amethyst, aquamarine, topaz, spinel, sapphire, moss agate, variscite, petrified wood, plume agate and opal. Rocky Mountain federation ribbons were awarded winners.

Officers for 1948 were elected at the meeting. Dr. B. D. Bennion was named president; H. J. VanderVeer, vice-president; K. O. Stewart, secretary; and Mose Whittaker, treasurer.

Crystals of common spodumene sometimes grow to enormous size. One found in South Dakota was 56 feet in length.

H. Stanton Hill, geology teacher at Pasadena junior college, gave an illustrated lecture on the outstanding minerals in the Harvard museum collection at the January meeting of the Pomona Valley Mineral club, held in the chemistry building of Pomona college. Earliest attempts at colored mineral illustrations, he said, were made in France between 1700 and 1800, with hand colored plates. Speaker at the December meeting was George Burnham of Monrovia, who described collecting in Mexico. Burnham exhibited white garnets, apatite, calcite, wulfenite, and vanadinite obtained on his trip.

Robert Cartter, new president of Searles Lake Gem and Mineral society, has appointed important committee heads for 1948: Louis Lazar is editor of *Searles Lake Mineral News*; Newell Merritt, field trip director; Oscar Walstrom, lapidary equipment; Stanley Shanahan, hobby and mineral exhibit show; Ralph Merrill, California Federation director; Roy Bailey and Eddie Redenbach, in charge of Orange Show exhibit; Harvey Eastman, membership committee; Mrs. Harry Hall, refreshment committee.

Mapping and exploration of pegmatites in Arizona is under way, according to the *Rockhound Record* of the Mineralogical Society of Arizona. Two hitherto unreported minerals have been discovered. They are amblygonite, a fluorophosphate of lithium and aluminum, and spodumene, a silicate of lithium and aluminum. This leads the *Record* to believe further exploration will produce fine specimen material, such as the gem tourmaline, beryl and garnet that have been found in the pegmatites of other states.

The Junior Mineral Exchange is a mineral club for young people up to 17, reporting membership in all parts of the country. It seeks contacts among young collectors for the purpose of exchanging letters and specimens and to disseminate mineralogical knowledge. There are no dues. The club, which now has a membership of 80, occasionally issues a four-page bulletin. Club secretary is Jerome Eisenberg, 77 Victoria Street, Revere 51, Massachusetts.

Rock Collectors—Attention

For the thrill of your life, be sure and visit the ROCKOLOGIST & THE TRAILER ROCK STORE at the big combined Rock, Mineral & Gem Show, sponsored by Indio, Blythe & Banning Mineral societies.

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Newly elected officers were in charge of the December 18 meeting and Christmas party of the Tacoma, Washington, Agate club. The business session was preceded by a pot-luck dinner and followed by a program and exchange of cabochons, slabs and rough material. New officers are: Nels Olsen, president; James Litton, vice-president; Miss Dorothy Schneider, secretary; John Handegard, treasurer; and R. D. Wollard, publicity.

New officers of the Grays Harbor Gem and Geology club were elected at the club's annual Christmas dinner held at Hoquiam, Washington. Jack Tuttle of Hoquiam is president; Mrs. Willis Clark, Aberdeen, vice-president; Otis Woodall, Raymond, secretary-treasurer. Three trustees, W. J. Johns, Mrs. H. J. Pryde and Frank Estergreen, were reelected. The dinner was attended by 45 members and friends.

Forty members of the Geological Society of Minnesota are planning a field trip to Denver in June, to include visits to the national mineral convention there and Colorado collecting areas.

M. E. Slagel was scheduled to speak on "Spectrography" at the January meeting of Marquette Geologists association, and to illustrate his lecture with slides. Spectrography was defined as an exact science used to measure the quantity of elements by measurement of their spectrum bands. A material is burned between high voltage electrodes and the resulting light waves from the luminous gas of the material are recorded on a photographic plate and compared to a standard of spectrum bands of known value. A film, *Steel—Servant of Man* was exhibited at the December meeting.

Rocky Mountain Federation of Mineralogical societies announces the planned award of Certificates of Recognition to persons who have done outstanding work for the betterment of earth science organization and activity. Winners will be drawn from members of the individual societies, selected by society officers or a committee appointed by them, in accordance with instructions from the federation. Presentation of the certificates may be made at the first national mineral convention and show in Denver, June 13-16.

Sixteen of the display cases which members of the San Jose Lapidary society are building for use at society mineral shows have been completed. The cases are being built in the shop of a member, Hal Pearsall, and it was planned that each member ordering a case would help in its construction, to keep the price down.

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Officers of the Coachella Valley Mineral society of Indio are: O. A. Rush, president; Ted Gentry, vice-president; Dedrick F. Wilson, secretary-treasurer; Dorothy Faulhaber, assistant secretary-treasurer and J. C. Rusk, field trip chairman.

J. C. Filer, Loma Linda gem and equipment dealer will represent Desert Magazine at the Desert Gem and Mineral show, at Riverside county fair grounds, Indio, March 5-7. Desert Magazines, binders and books will be available there.

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Rev. Carl Erickson was to be featured speaker at the February 21 meeting of the Minnesota Mineral club at the Curtis hotel, Minneapolis, Minnesota. His subject: "Gem Stones of the Bible." Dr. Louis Heiling was scheduled to tell the club some of his adventures while prospecting for diamonds in the Belgian Congo at the January meeting.

Mrs. Theron Wasson, geologist and lecturer for the Pure Oil company spoke to the Chicago Rocks and Minerals society on the geology of the Chicago area. Emil Kronquist of Milwaukee vocational school discussed laboratory methods of silver working at the December meeting, held in Green Briar Field house. He emphasized that the basis of good work is good design, patience and care, and plenty of practice. Visitors are welcome at the Chicago society meetings.

New officers of the Northern California Mineral society of San Francisco, elected at the general meeting December 17, are: Charles J. Hansen, president; Louis Eddy, vice-president; Mrs. Frances Braun, secretary; M. W. Hanna, treasurer; Robert Weber, curator; Mrs. Ella Schumacher, librarian; Miss Jessie Unwin, hostess; Bert Walker, Arthur Maudens and Mrs. Harriet Thompson, directors. Annual banquet of the society was planned for January 17. All participants in the December field trip to the beaches south of Pescadero found fossil bones, some beautifully colored and silicified. The club is vacating the premises at 422 Belvedere street, but location of new rooms has not been announced.

Junius J. Hayes, professor of mathematics at the University of Utah has been reelected president of the Mineralogical Society of Utah at the January 13 meeting in the geology building, University of Utah. Reelected with him were Mrs. Marie Crane, first vice-president; Kenneth Tanner, treasurer; and Sears P. Roach, historian. Newly elected officers were Alfred M. Buranek, second vice-president and W. Glenn Rottman, secretary.

When the Mineralogical Society of Arizona observed the 12th anniversary of the club's founding, December 4, only three persons who attended the original organization meeting in 1935 were present. They were Luther Steward, H. B. Holloway and A. L. Flagg. Sixty-six members and four guests were at the birthday celebration. January field trip was to the Canyon lake geode beds. C. H. McDonald was to speak on feldspar at the January 1 meeting and every member was invited to bring a rock specimen to talk about. A U. S. bureau of mines film, *The Drama of Steel* was scheduled for the January 15 meeting.

O. C. Smith, author of *Mineral Identification Simplified*, described various means used in determining the identity of mineral specimens at the December meeting of the West Coast Mineral society of Fullerton.

The Lapidary division is the new name of the former Craftsmanship section of the San Diego Mineralogical society, members feeling that it would more correctly describe their activities. The section demonstrated lapidary methods at the Science and Industry show held in San Diego recently. Jesse Hume spoke at the December San Diego society meeting on "Pocket Hunting, a Vanishing Technique of Gold Seeking?"

Klamath Mineral club, Klamath Falls, Oregon, meets the last Thursday of each month in the chamber of commerce rooms. Visitors are always welcome. Kenneth and Edith McLeod entertained at the December meeting with a lecture, "Our Desert Empire," illustrated with Kodachrome slides.

The famous Friday ranch gem agate locality in central Oregon has been closed permanently to collectors, the *Mineralogist* reports. It has been estimated that \$150,000 worth of gem material has been removed from the property in the past 15 years.

The New Jersey Mineralogical society of Plainfield and the Mineral Society of the District of Columbia are studying the organization of an eastern federation of mineralogical societies.

Long Beach Mineralogical society plans a reception committee to meet members and visitors as they enter the meeting. Members in good standing will be given badges with their names on them to wear for the evening. All others, including those whose dues have not been paid after a reasonable time, will be given guest identification for the evening.

Dr. Henry R. Joesting of the U. S. geological survey reportedly told the American Mining Congress at El Paso that micro-waves have practically no depth penetration and that radar probably will be of little use in mineral location.

W. Scott Lewis reports in his *Mineral Bulletin* that bismite, No. 4581 in the new Dana system, is a rare mineral with a hardness of 4.5 when compact, and with a high specific gravity ranging up to 10. Its color varies from green to bright yellow and chemically it is bismuth trioxide. Bismite always is a secondary mineral formed by oxidation of other bismuth minerals. It is known to miners as bismuth ochre.

James Bump, director of the museum of geology, South Dakota State School of Mines, collected a cast of the track of a three-toed dinosaur in the Grand River area south of Bison, South Dakota. The track, measuring 31 inches across, is said to be among the largest found in North America.

Mineralogical Society of Southern California recently purchased more than 100 Kodachrome slides of the finest crystals and crystal groups, gemstones, polished slabs and minerals in the Harvard University museum. The slides were exhibited for the first time at the club's January meeting, held in the lecture room of the Pasadena public library. The minerals were photographed by Ward's Natural Science Establishment and recently offered to the public. H. Stanton Hill, program chairman, commented on the specimens shown and the localities they represented.

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AMATEUR GEM CUTTER

By LELANDE QUICK, Editor of The Lapidary Journal

Almost four years ago (April 1944) we published an item about Mrs. William Bacheller of Wilcox, Arizona. Mrs. Bacheller wanted to cut gems from her collected rocks but all she had was a gasoline motor on her washing machine and plenty of desert wind. We suggested she get an old sewing machine and begin by using foot power like the Chinese. We asked for ideas for we felt many people must be cutting gems in areas where there was no electricity. To our surprise we received no suggestions.

But in a penitentiary a correspondent read the item with interest. He had had a lot of experience grinding stones by foot power in the desert. He wrote an informative letter to us, but the warden was not gem conscious and classed the whole thing as a crack-brained waste of time.

The letter could not be mailed. Recently released from prison, our correspondent delivered the letter to us in person. Since there must be many desert dwellers faced with the same problem we offer the gist of our friend's advice. He shall be nameless for obvious reasons.

He writes: "I hope my suggestions will prove of help to many others who face a problem similar to Mrs. Bacheller's. I did some years ago and what I submit was born of experience. I started, as you suggested, with an old sewing machine but found it rather light equipment for practical purposes, although it may serve as a plaything for kids. The drive wheel of a sewing machine lacks pep when one holds a rock to the grindstone. I secured a heavy flywheel (30 pounds) from a handpower bonegrinder used on a chicken ranch. A front wheel from a model T Ford, with an old tire on it for extra momentum, can be used for the same purpose. I went to a blacksmith and had him make a double-crank driveshaft, from one-inch round stock to fit the bore. Three-quarter inch stock would do, with a bushing to fit. A single crank loses too much pep on the upstroke. How would a bicycle perform with only one pedal?

"I cut out the hub of the sewing machine drive wheel and bolted it to the heavier flywheel. I put wood blocks between the two wheels to allow clearance for the belt. The belt should be round and heavy, like that used on shoemakers' machinery. The connecting rods should be made of 3/4" or 1" x 2" maple wood and trimmed in the center. Hardwood soaked in oil makes fairly smooth running bearings. Treadles can be made of 1" x 4" hardwood with a heavy pair of strap hinges. This allows all needed motion for the stationary ends of the treadles as well as for the lower ends of the connecting rods.

"I mounted all this on a bench made of 2 x 3's bolted with carriage bolts so they could be tightened, as wood shrinks in the desert. The bench should be properly braced except where the legs of the worker will perform. I had two slits sawed through the boards in the top for passage of the belt to a short countershaft with a 3-step pulley from which the belt ran to a polishing head on which was mounted grinders, buffers and mud saw. If the polishing head and countershaft can be ball-bearing it will be much easier on the worker.

"I always left a grindstone on the head to act

as a flywheel while working on the other end. I also mounted the small flywheel of the original sewing machine on the countershaft to add reserve momentum and insure smooth running. I had wing nuts on the polishing head to facilitate changing the wheels. Foot power is slow but it is efficient, silent and certainly cheap. I used a small gas engine for a few days but the putt-putt drove me to distraction, as I am allergic to noise and I went to the desert to escape it.

"I had planned to build a windmill of the Savonius type for power. It also could be used to turn a small electric generator for light power. This, of course, needs a storage battery to store the juice for windless days. A Savonius windmill is the most efficient of all windmills. It needs no tail as it runs horizontally, catching the wind from any direction. It attains great speed with less wind than a vertical running mill. I shall gladly submit a diagram if your readers are interested."

Our friend then submitted evidence of his handiwork. While it was not the best lapidary work we have ever seen it was very creditable indeed. Has any other reader a gem cutting outfit operated by foot power only?

• • •

Have you seen the new blow torch operated with dry fuel? Ideal for use in the field for analysis and ideal for silversmiths who are far removed from a source of gas.

Some day, we hope, you will be able to drop a capsule or tablet in some gadget and have enough energy to operate a whole battery of lapidary equipment for an indefinite period.

If man can harness enough energy within a small container to destroy him if released all at one time, it is not unreasonable to suppose he can direct his efforts to storing enough of it within a tiny receptacle so its gradual release will benefit him. Reports have appeared in the press about the possibility of running entire trains indefinitely with such stored energy. Running lapidary machinery with atomic energy seems fantastic but we have the feeling and the faith that it isn't too far away. Then the desert people will no longer be concerned with a lack of electricity.

• • •

It is a new year and the shows being planned by many societies will be greater events than ever. The show planned by the Los Angeles Lapidary society for February has been postponed until April or May and due announcement will be made.

Plans for shows are spilling over the borders of the Pacific coast states, and J. J. Brown is planning a super show in Austin, Texas to be given by the Texas State Mineral society. The East will see a good show also when the New Jersey Mineralogical society gives its spring exhibit at Plainfield, New Jersey, April 21 through May 4. Probably the biggest event of all will be the show at Long Beach, California in July under sponsorship of the California Federation of Mineralogical societies, which wisely features gem cutting and jewelry work as an important part of its activities.

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A National Magazine for the Gem Cutter, Collector and Silversmith

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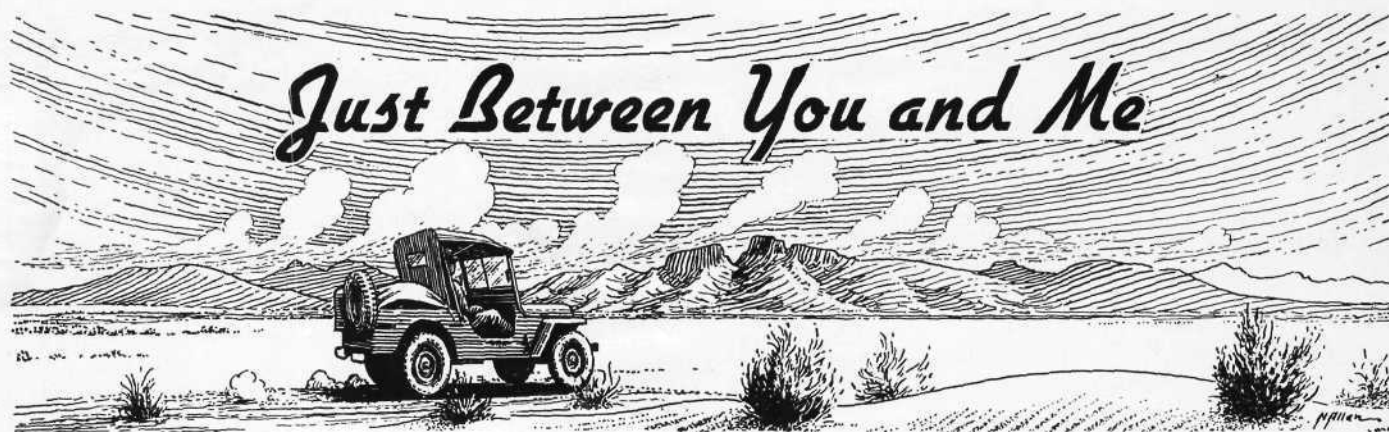
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By RANDALL HENDERSON

ONE of these days you may pick up a copy of *Desert* and read an advertisement worded something like this:

GLORY HOLE DUDE MINE—Guest accommodations in the bunk house at \$5.00 a day and up. Mine your own gold and pay us \$20 a ton for what you take out. We furnish picks, hobnailed boots, and burros to pack your loot to the nearest shipping point. Fine climate. Plenty of exercise. A month at our Dude mine will take off the excess fat and make you feel 10 years younger. Write for reservations.

The idea comes from Joe Valen of Etiwanda, California. One of his friends has a mine up on the Mojave desert. There's gold in the rock, but not enough to pay for the mining plus freight charges to the smelter at Salt Lake City. So they are exploring the idea of bringing the dudes out there to work the tunnel for what they can get out of it.

Of course they would never get rich with the gold they mined, but there are times when gold will not buy the things humans need most—a healthy appetite, and callouses on the hands, for instance.

* * *

William E. Warne, assistant secretary of interior, has submitted to the House appropriations committee a 10-year plan for the Navajo Indians. It calls for an expenditure of \$80,000,000.

It is gratifying to note the largest item in the fund—\$23,150,000—is for education. But the recommendations also include 20 million for roads, nine million each for range improvement and irrigation projects, nearly seven million for resettlement of 1000 families on the Colorado River Indian reservation, and four million for health purposes.

And now if those who have contributed so generously in recent months for temporary relief of the tribesmen will follow through with their congressmen in support of the more permanent program we will be making some progress toward the solution of the Indian problem.

I am glad to note in the recent report of the interior department that Commissioner Brophy of Indian Affairs holds the view, "the Federal government can and should remove itself as trustee over Indian property and as a servicing agency." But the Commissioner also believes the government "should not walk out" until the Indians are able to support themselves and assume the other obligations of free-born citizens, which include the payment of taxes for support of schools, roads, etc.

Most of us will go along with the Commissioner as to these goals. But mere good intentions are not enough. There is much criticism of the manner in which the Indian bureau manages its business—deserved criticism in many instances.

The bureau is under-staffed and under-paid. More than anything else it needs men and women with vision and understanding. Persons with these qualifications seldom are attracted by meager salaries paid for Indian office and field work. There are men and women in the service who at heart are missionaries—who give generously without thought of reward because they find happiness in generous giving. But there are too few of these—and even saints are sometimes bad managers.

Instead of making the Commissioner's job a political plum, we should hire the best university president in United States—one with fine administrative ability—and then give him ample funds and a free hand to do the job that must be done if the Indians are to assume the rights and obligations—and the dignity—of free citizens. Basically, it is an educational job—and we need the best educator America can produce to do it.

* * *

I wish some of the folks who operate little independent service stations along the desert highways would do better house-keeping.

You know what I mean—clean the junk that litters up the place and give it an orderly well-kept appearance. There is no setting too rocky and no location too ugly to be given an attractive appearance if the owner really wants to maintain a clean station. The rocks may be made an asset.

When you and I need gasoline or tires we like to pull into a clean driveway and get our service from a man who obviously has some pride in his business. The big oil companies know this and wage constant war against dirt and disorder. Perhaps that is why they are big.

The major companies also maintain traveling paint crews to brighten up the buildings of the independents whom they supply. But paint alone will not do the job. It requires some imagination and effort on the part of the operator.

I know the old stock answer of those who operate junky service stations. They'll tell you they are too busy. But they are kidding no one but themselves. Folks always have time to do the things which to them are most important.

* * *

The rain gods have not been generous this season, and so, for most of the billions of tiny seeds out on the floor of the desert there will be at least another year of waiting before the combination of moisture and sunshine is just right for a flowering season. There will be some blossoms on the desert this year. The hardy encelia and geraea and cacti and other varieties will be blooming in many places. We will miss the great fields of blossom that follow heavy rainfall. But the seeds are still in the sand, and sooner or later there will come a year when the dunes are covered with verbena and primrose—and perhaps we will enjoy them more for having waited so long.



FRANK BECKWITH TELLS UTAH COUNTY STORY

MILLARD AND NEARBY, compiled and written by Frank Beckwith, was intended primarily as a guide for Millard county Boy Scouts on trips to the natural wonders of that portion of Utah. Beckwith wrote the book and furnished the excellent photographic illustrations as a "good turn" gesture to the Scouts who are selling it and who will receive all profits to finance summer camping expeditions.

The book should have wide popular appeal and be valuable to tourists. Beckwith has an active mind and an eager curiosity, and much of his life has been spent ferreting out the past of Utah and investigating its natural wonders. So it is not surprising that MILLARD AND NEARBY is a fascinating melange of geology, geography, history, legend and typical Beckwith humor and conjecture. The author is especially interested in the meaning of place names, in what Indians were trying to portray when they chipped petroglyphs in the rocks, and in the Paiute language. (They called the fossil trilobites of Antelope springs "little water bug, like stone house in.")

Beckwith traces the course of Escalante through Millard. He tells the story of volcanos and hot springs. He maps the roads to scenic and historic points. He considers possibilities for rock collectors. Readers have an interesting time in MILLARD AND NEARBY, and the only real fault with the book is that it is much too short.

Published 1947. Available through Frank Beckwith, Delta, Utah. 140 pps. \$3.50.

HANDBOOK IDENTIFIES AMPHIBIANS AND REPTILES

A thorough reference handbook of the salamanders, toads, lizards, snakes and turtles of California, Oregon and Washington has been compiled by Gayle Pickwell under the title, AMPHIBIANS AND REPTILES OF THE PACIFIC STATES. Species and sub-species of amphibians and reptiles are listed with the localities in which they are found and a brief outline of outstanding physical characteristics. There are 64 pages of photographic illustrations of the animals, and of their environments and habits, and about one-fourth of the book is taken up with a detailed key for identification. There are chapters on life habits, collection, handling and care.

Dr. Pickwell, widely known for his book *Deserts*, which is more popular in treatment, is professor of zoology at San Jose, California, state college. The handbook on amphibians and reptiles is the result of 15 years of collecting and investigation on his own part, and a great deal of work by his zoology classes. Much of the desert area does not fall within the scope of this new volume, but the California deserts are covered. The book is designed as a companion volume to Ingles' *Mammals of California*, but is more scientific in treatment and will be of less interest to the general reader.

Stanford University Press, 1947. 236 pps., photographic and line illustrations, glossary, index, bibliography, \$4.00.

ROMANCE OF SANTA FE PICTURES LIVES OF THE NEW MEXICANS

As a living picture of the people of Santa Fe and New Mexico—the *pobres* and the *ricos*—Ruth Laughlin's CABALLEROS stands unsurpassed. Back in print 15 years after its first publication, this minor classic of the Southwest will be welcomed eagerly to the shelves of many who have known it only from library copies.

CABALLEROS deals intimately with the lives of the Spanish-Americans—the natives in the only section of our country where all other Americans are known as "Anglos." It tells about their daily lives, their cooking and crafts, the houses they live in and the clothing they wear. It delves with friendly spirit into their reli-

gion, their legends, songs, dances and plays, and outlines their natural and economic surroundings. There is a fascinating chapter on lost treasures, another on wooden saints, an unforgettable one about the customs of the country.

The opening portion of the book deals with the history of the region from Spanish days to the present—but that has been written before. It is when Ruth Laughlin writes of the people that she has known since her birth in Santa Fe that CABALLEROS is at its best. In this strange troubled machine age, it is well for everyone to read the story of a quaint people who still believe in courtesy and kindness and gentleness; who greet friends at the door of a humble home and say: "Everything in this house is yours."

Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1945. 418 pps., illustrated by Norma van Sweringen, glossary, index. \$3.00.

BOOK NOTES

Rosa A. Blanton's mother was a pioneer Arizona school teacher, and *The Mesquite* is a fictionalized account of Rosa's childhood. The book is written from the viewpoint of a nine-year-old child, and there is a great deal of natural history, local legend and pioneer experience worked into the fabric of the tale. The author has been a teacher and understands children, and *The Mesquite* has been recommended as a supplementary reader in grades four to eight.

Hobson Press, New York, 1947. 135 pps., photographic illustrations, \$2.00. Available from Rosa A. Blanton, Box 377, Colton, Calif.

Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, co-author of several studies of the Navajo, won the McGraw-Hill \$10,000 prize for a book on science for the layman with his manuscript, *Anthropology and the World Today*. The book won over 500 entries.

Field Guide to Flower Wonderland . . .

DESERT WILD FLOWERS

By EDMUND C. JAEGER

with 764 line drawings and photographs,
keys and glossary

Spring is coming to the desert and the great pageant of wildflower bloom is starting. The pleasure of your desert wanderings will be increased greatly if you can recognize the flowers of dune and mesa and know their story. Dr. Jaeger has been trekking Southwestern deserts for 25 years with sketch pad and pencil, and his book, newly reprinted, remains the most complete guide to the flora of the California deserts.

Revised Edition—\$3.50, Postpaid to You

DESERT CRAFTS SHOP

El Centro, California



—Photograph by Alice M. Hartman, Indio, California.

Glimpse of the little shop along Highway 99 in the Coachella Valley, California, where hundreds of motorists stop daily for a date milk shake or for dates and date products.

Left to right—Russell Nicoll, Betty Bibins and Don Holmquist.

To the Readers of Desert:

For many years we have been telling the readers of Desert Magazine about Valerie Jean dates and date products. And now it has been suggested that you might be interested in a glimpse of our shop and some of the folks who help take care of our good customers throughout the year.

During the last two years we have given out over 200,000 specially printed maps of this desert area, and these are still free to anyone visiting our shop, or to those who write for them. We'll be glad to send them to your friends also.

We want to extend a special invitation to all of you to visit the Coachella Valley, and if you have time,

please pay us a visit at the Valerie Jean Date Shop. If you cannot make this trip now, write to us for a descriptive folder of Valerie Jean dates and date products. We'll be glad to mail it to you.

Also, we want to take this opportunity to thank all the Desert Magazine readers who have helped make this a going institution.

Very cordially,

RUSSELL NICOLL, Owner

Valerie Jean Date Shop
Thermal, California